

FILM THREAT

V I D E O G U I D E

SPRING 1991 ISSUE 2

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FILM THREAT

VIDEO GUIDE

SPRING 1991 ISSUE 2

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Entire contents © 1991 FILM THREAT, INC. ISSN# 0896-6389. All letters, tapes, submissions or other (more valuable) stuff should be sent to me at FILM THREAT VIDEO HQ, 6646 Suite 205, Los Angeles CA 90028. Any unsolicited material is considered OURS to use in this mag or FILM THREAT, so don't get any crummy ideas about trying to squeeze money out of us. PH# (213) 463-4735, FAX# (213) 467-2043. Call or send for ad rates, because Justin, our ad guy, is really lonely and needs some friends. We will trade ads with other mags. Videos and movies will be considered for review, but other 'zines will have to get attention somewhere else. (Send 'em to Fact Sheet Five.)



FOLM THREAT

**EXPLODING ONTO NEWSSTANDS
THIS FALL!**

A "KNOW THE ENEMY" FAN

Dorne Pantes
1800 Lombardy Circle
Charlotte, NC 28203
704-343-2824
Dear Film Threat:

AT LAST! AT LAST! another copy of your mag finally graced the rack of my favo sunz music store, and I snatched it up immediately. word has it sells- all four copies- very well here. guess I'm the lucky one, no, I'm not trying to lesser-case 'cause I'm some arty weenie- just lady- fatter this way, I know.

anyway, I was so thrilled to get your mag I sat down and read large parts of it at random, reading with great interest your review of my pal tony scimone's film KILLER. tony's a good pal of mine here in jessaland, and I'm sure we could agree with your column, especially since you're caratterizing his famous film. I'm quite glad you guys have no problem trashin' everyone- we ALL deserve it. I especially loved this issue trashin' everyone- we really annoying. keep up the good work. I also HOWLED over your simpson-bruckheimer piece, when "days of Stupidity" shot here in charlotte last year, the whole stupid town went ape-shit. TOM CRUISE!!!! TOM CRUISE AGAIN!!!! good part was it fed a lot of good freecialance bad part was it was a total waste of money. whole town treated 'em like gods, or worse.

ARTISTS, one cute little tidbit word has it they had the entire top floor suites at the HILTON HOTEL (which they were renting, of course) remodeled to suit their tastes during the months they stayed here. In that a justifiable production expense? you tell me.

Please find enclosed a copy of my short film "BABY ON PARADE" which is intended for and is about children- more or less. It's probably to artay for you, but I'm sending it anyway. Please be advised that I am currently having the film re-edited from negative onto video and am putting down a new soundtrack for copyright reasons.

I also wanted to inquire about a SUBSCRIPTION to your mag- I couldn't find mention of it in the current issue- AND to order a cool "film threat" t-shirt.

I also have a suggestion for "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles": David Chan- producer of "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" I & II, and Mr. Turtle himself.

bish, bish, bish... write me or whatever. thank god you're out there.

Dune/B

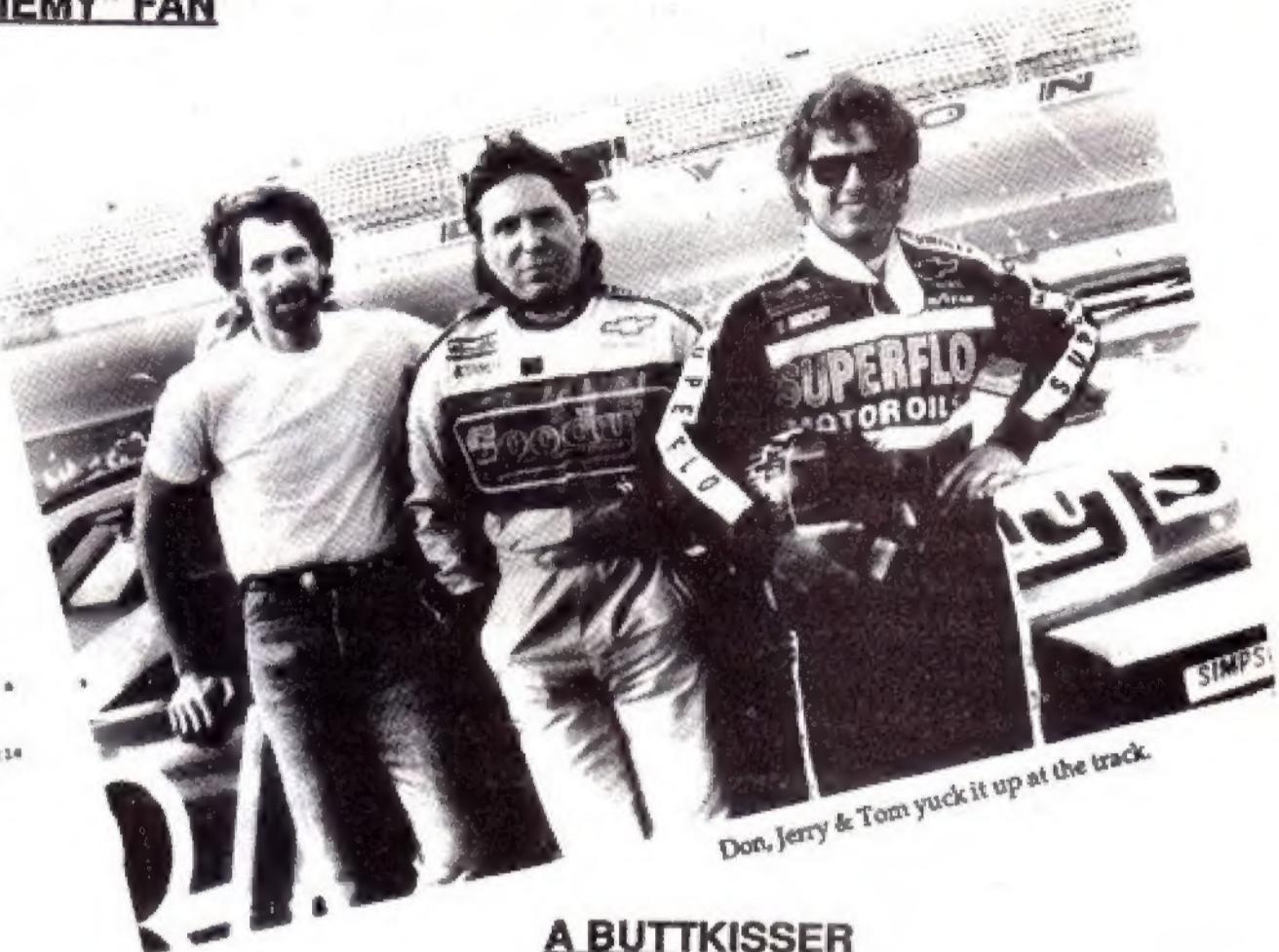
Dorne,
Take comfort in knowing that the B.-S. duo was bounced off the Paramount lot (only to land at Disney a few weeks later) for overspending and underproducing.

BRAINDEAD MOURNER

I suppose you really think your macho, and, damn your so brave for condemning the dead (in ISSUE #22.) I'm speaking of NICK ZEDD. For one dicknose; if it wasn't for NICK you or U.F.B. wouldn't have much of a magazine. Secondly, I know NICK personally and he doesn't deserve the critisism, that "your" self-conscience about! He was a good actor, very sweet and considerate and "pud" like you so ignorantly stated. By the way, where was your guts when he was around? On the floor? Next time I take pali!! A shit I'll think of you

LOVE,
Natasha

Natasha,
Zedd was the editor of the U.F.B. (Underground Film Bulletin). Why do you think he got such good press?
Grow up.



Don, Jerry & Tom yuck it up at the track.

A BUTTKISSE

HELLO,

I JUST FOUND THIS COPY OF FILM THREAT MAGAZINE IN THIS CITY. IT'S SCARCE IN THIS CITY. OF COURSE I READ THE ENTIRE ISSUE. I READ THIS SUB OF PRINT ON COUPON AND REALIZE I'M NO LONGER ELIGIBLE FOR THE FREE FILM THREAT VIDEO. BUT IF YOU COULD FIND IT IN YOUR HEART TO SLIDE ME A COPY I'LL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL. ALTHOUGH SINCE YOU WILL BE TURNING INTO A FULL-BLOWN "RESPECTABLE" MAG NOW, I'LL UNDERSTAND IF YOU'RE UNABLE TO TURN THE OTHER CHEEK ON A DEADLINE.

Either way, I'D LOVE A DESCRIPTION. FILM THREAT IS THE ONLY NO-BULLSHIT, THOROUGHLY ENTERTAINING, ACTUALLY INTELLIGENT FILM MAGAZINE AROUND. GORE WILLIAMS, BARR AND CO. ARE TRUE VISIONARIES.

STAY SHARP!
XXXOOO,
EROK

Erok,
Thanks for the kind words. The three of us are now even more impossible to live with.

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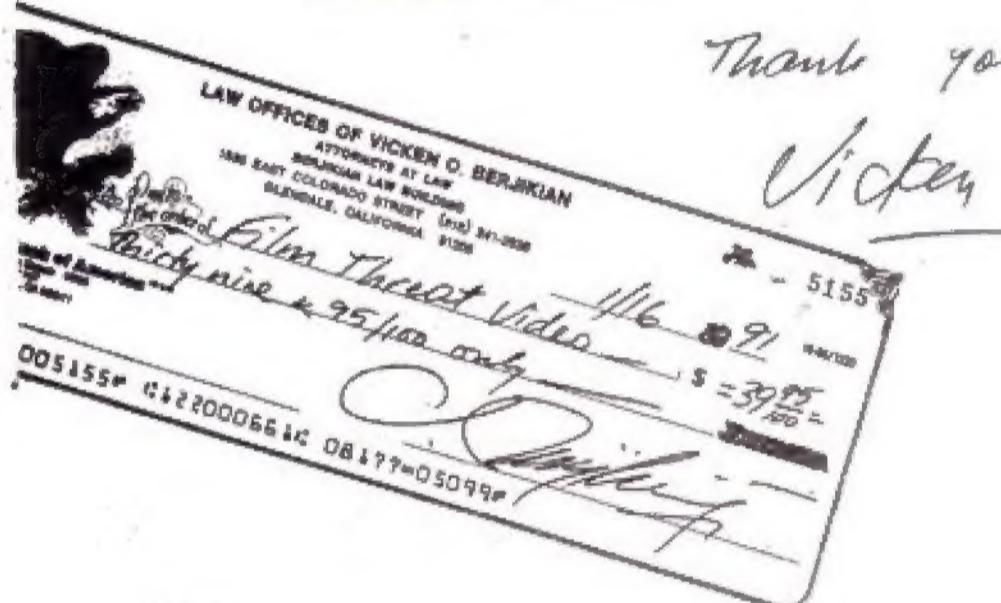
To: Film Threat Video

Enclosed is my check for \$ 39.95

Please send me the "Cathode Fuck"
and "TV Splinter" videos.

Thank you

Vickey



Vicken,
I didn't know lawyers could even use the word "fuck."
Enjoy!

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

CHRIS -

THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE VIDEO GUIDE IS GOOD. I LIKE
THE SUPERMARKET-FREE TV GUIDE LOOK. OH! THE ECONOMICAL
BEAUTY OF NEWSPRINT! YOUR INTERVIEW WITH FRANK GROW
AND CUNNINGHAM WITH HENRY WERE WORTH GETTING
INK ON MY HANDS. TOO BAD I HAD TO BUY IT ON THE
STREET. BUT IT IS A GOOD IDEA - I WAS WORRIED THAT LA
MULDRAIN YOUR ABILITY TO THINK UP NEW NEWSSTAND
ATTACK VEHICLES. NOW I CAN SLEEP PEACEFULLY AGAIN.
MICHELE TAYLOR

1/20/91

Michele,
If there's one thing FTVC doesn't want to be known as,
it's a sleeping aid. As Bob says, "We work, they sleep."



SCISSORHANDS
BACKLASH

I just read your article (or should I say reactionary whining) called "When good directors meet to rock". Your reply to me all kind of David Lynch, but don't worry about it. I think you're right. Christopher is more than that, trying to use everything he learned in his film presentation. And Mr. Christopher over there that's trying to use everything he learned in his film presentation. And Mr. Christopher might be a bit pretentious. I think that perhaps you have presented the word presentation by looking a description analysis of a TV malice and then referring to Mr. Burton and the prospect of his "destroying his peers". It must be horrible to be so angry and think about things you supposedly over state (i.e., like dimension). And as for the "bottom dog" of an article on Spoke Lee, I think we all know that Christopher is the whitest son alive. You could be the whitest, no maybe to have some sort of personal portfolio in every dimension. He is so threatened by the success of even one black director that he would jump on to try next, no easier for him, to try and put the man in his original place. This is, of course his perspective, but I feel that since like that Christopher would have something better to do than to ride his social consciousness behind the movements of a man who feels the need to spite his personal philosophy to TV Guide. (And yes, James Deen Jones is an "idiot star"— how do you think he stayed employed all those years ago?) And Mr. Christopher, your publication leaves little room for you to go around attacking others of minority and its various subcultures for something to speak or complain about. Also, hope you see your judgements and conclusions about various dimensions as temporary your opinions of Christopher and their films. Mr. Christopher must be feeling profoundly embarrassed by his "writing off" of Mr. Burton. His films do indeed look good and are quite Alvinian, you have apparently been too jealous or shallow to realize the relevance, social and otherwise, of the man's work. Perhaps it is you rather than Burton who can not yet just the glorious lack of his films. I'm sure that the issue of Christopher was, in your estimation of Burton's potential and interesting film, Edward Scissorhands, never even touched. In this slightly simple film, Burton manages to bring to light what Burton seems to have trouble doing—describing the American situation in the U.S.. The film is a wonderful step up "Edward" who is given back his now to the in the "civilization". The character "Edward" has good intentions but at the same time looks and sounds for the culture from which "Edward" came. It is true that he has committed crimes, but would be so if he were not quite Alvinian, make no mistake. In the end, it is clear where Burton's sympathies lie. "Edward" is allowed to live in happiness in his own little country made the suburban civilization that tried to make him one of their own. Is this not what America wants and put in these terms, doesn't it seem perfect now? It's just too bad that people like yourselves will not listen to an African-American who speaks so boldly.

Vanessa Jackson

Vanessa Jackson

Are you in college? We were wrong about Edward.
Although we didn't get the exact same message you did,
we liked it too. However, the recent demise of "Twin
Peaks" more than makes up for such a minor blunder.

THE BEST THING THAT HAPPENED TO
HIM ALL DAY

1/29/91
FT Video Guide
Los Angeles

Dear Deva,
I ran across - literally - your issue #1. The turbulent vibes were instantly felt through the veins of my feet and proved later to be as despicable as hoped, and the best thing that happened all day. (Please do not think I "dog" or "true" or say shit like that - I was simply trying to avoid being run over by a very full shiny wagon.)

Anyways, about fucking them. So far it's the only hope for independent media to HONEST distribution - both financially, and in terms of "getting the shit out there" being the primary agenda. Plus on the rest of their bald heads - may their households increase!

That said I've a deal to propose. Send me some back issues of Film Threat (and don't give me any shit about never having seen you before because I grew up on Film magz circa 1986 and I don't use teller paper) and in return I'll pick up your paper, on paper, and with, of course, "Authority and Insights" - the Bulletin never ends - on a variety of subjects related to the biz, eg: "The Stupidity of the Typical Hollywood Production Schedule" and "The Fine Art of Parasite and Assumption - A Hollywood Primer", etc.

If you've already covered this stuff ad nauseam, send me the back issues anyway, I deserve it - and you can take that however you like!

Don't get too much on you!
Mango
Mango Joe
2220 Gold Rd
Friday Harbor, WA 98290

Mango,
We're fucking! We're going!
We're pissing!

Thou Shall Not Steal

While it may be true that there's nothing original and that everything has been done before, that's no excuse for anyone guilty of plagiarism or outright theft.

OURS

The original, funnier...



THEIRS

The glossier, more superficial...



Two years ago, *FILM THREAT* #17 focused on James Dean: the cult that preserves his fame, the imitators who tried to cash in on his following, and the interesting question—what if he hadn't died? With wit and great insight, this puzzle was tackled, resulting in the article "September 30, 1955 Never Happened," a mock-retrospective of a career that fate had denied the legend.

Fate is an interesting thing. The February 1991 edition of *Movieline* magazine not only sported an amusing cover but an amusing article entitled "Elvis Is Dead: But James Dean, Marilyn Monroe and Freddie Prinze Aren't."

Deja Vu! But we weren't the only ones reeling, as numerous FT readers called our offices to point out this bit of borrowing.

Like the earlier, funnier piece that ran in *FILM THREAT*, writer David McDonough's pseudo-bio features doctored photos and an interview with Dean. Coincidence?

We think not.

After contacting *Movieline* editor Laurie Halpern Benenson and asking them to please keep their grubby hands off his ideas, Chris Gore felt somewhat relieved—satisfied by their offer to print a letter in an upcoming issue and bring attention to the fact that *FILM THREAT* did Dean first.

Movieline, we don't care if you want to steal your hip style from *SPY* and your blasé attitude from *Premiere*, but back off will ya! We'd like to keep our good, original ideas to ourselves.

"*Movies as a way of life?*" Give us a break!•



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- World of 3D Vol 1(1989) G \$40-robots, outer space, trailers, L.Tomlin, etc. 65 min.
- World of 3D Vol 2 (1990) G \$40-V. Price, 3D slides, karate, trailers, microworlds. 60 min.
- World of 3D Vol 3 (1990) G 72 min.\$40 Rock n Roll, rollercoasters, animation.
- World of 3D Vol 4 (1990) G 78 min. \$40 Thailand, Japan, Expo 90, Graphics, Hummingbirds.
- World of 3D Vol 5 (1990) G 84 min. \$40 Lions, chimps, 3D news, Bill & Coo, rare animation, Expo 90, Mars
- World of 3D Vol 6 (1990) G 80 min. \$40 Rock videos, Expo '90, Rare 3D movies, Cyberspace.
- 3D Animation (1990) G \$40-Japanese 3D animation. 83 min
- 3D Rock 'n Roll (1988) PG \$40 - Japanese Music Videos - Bizarre punk rock ghost story, etc. 60 min.
- 3D Teaser Vol 1(1990) PG \$35-4 min. excerpts from 13 of our films-1953-1983. 55 min.
- 3D Teaser Vol 2 (1990) \$35 70 min. 5 min excerpts from 14 additional features-1953 to 1986.
- Bill and Coo in "3D"(1947) G \$25-the all bird classic "solidized"(2D to 3D). 60 min.
- Sam Space(1954) G \$20-the "lost" classic of puppet animation. 10 min.
- 2D Trailers for 3D Movies (1989) G-\$30 each 22 rare trailers for 3D films. 50 min. Vol 1., Vol 2
- 2D Trailers for 3D Movies in "3D" (1989) \$30 each "solidized"(2D to 3D).50 min.each Vol 1., Vol 2.
- Starchaser(1985) PG 98min. A modern classic of 3D cel animation. Lovely film for all ages.

DOCUMENTARY

- ViewMaster(1990) G \$30-a tour of VM plant in 50's with 7 min 3D in 1990. 35 min.
- Kyoto-3D(1990) G \$40-a 3D tour of Japan's major tourist attraction-temples, palaces-save \$3000! 60min.
- Thailand 3D (1990) G \$40each- art, temples, people of Asia's most popular stop. Vol 1, Vol 2. ca. 65min.each.
- EXPO 90-3D (1990) G \$40 each-Japan's fabulous 1990 expo-music, art, 3D movies, biotechnology, HDTV, robot musicals. Vol 1, Vol 2, Vol 3, Vol 4. ca. 85 min each.
- Mars in 3D(1980) G 3D photos and live footage oflander. Cost billions but yours for only \$40! 35 min.
- Cyberthon in 3D(1990) G \$50 Virtual Reality fest - inside Cyberspace helmets-a must! 80 min.

SCIENCE FICTION

- The Zoo (1966) PG 77 min. The 3D classic about an alien who traps a city in a dome-xint 3D.
- Hideous Mutant (1976) PG 75 min. Giant ape attacks Asia-lovely 3D and Asian scenery.
- Cat Women of the Moon (1953) G 64 min. Tinted. Hysterical tale of telepaths and giant spiders.
- Frankenstein (1974) R 95 min. The Morrissey classic. Xint 3D-uncut-originally rated X-a must.

WESTERN

- Outlaw Territory (1953) G 90 min. J.Dru, M. Corey in surrealistic western. Restored from only 3D print.
- Comin at Ya! (1981) R 91 min. Western saved by barrage of 3D effects, good stereo sound.

ACTION

- Empire (1986) PG 90 min. Japanese costumer. Nonstop action, good color, & best 3D effects seq. on film.
- Revenge (1976) R 84 min. Lovely Chinese film. Color, sets, 3D, effects make this a top choice.

DRAMA

- Rising Sun (1973) PG 90 min. Lovely Japanese settings for a love story. Excellent 3D.

ADULT

- First Kisses (1972) R 88 min. European film with lovely girls, many trick shots and fine 3D.
- Hawaiian Fantasy (1976) R 85 min. A Playboy girl, hula, xint period scenes of old Hawaii.
- Political Pleasures (1975) R 80min min. Politicians after hours -pretty girls, good 3D.
- Criminals (1973) R 88 min. The erotic, funny and sordid stories of a group of prisoners. Good 3D.
- ChamberMates (1972) R 70 min. Rare film with dumb plot, pretty girls, variable 3D.
- Venus (1983) R 89 min. French film about the fabled beauty. Tame plot with lovely 3D, girls galore.
- Miss Nude California (1990) X—a bare contest laid bare-no sex but beyond "R". 62 min.
- Sexcalibur (1982) XXX 78 min. Bizarre mix of knights and magic. Shot twin 35mm with often xint 3D.
- Jet Set (1974) R 92 min. Erotic adventures of a group of girls -fine scenes of Europe, N. Africa, Asia.
- The Stewardesses (1969) R 98 min. Cute, sweet kids try sex, rollercoasters and LSD in this classic.

- Tokyo Blue (1990) XXX Japanese style[genitals fuzzed] 3 tapes of Japanese cuties-list the #s you want. (ca. 40 min. each) \$35 each. Vol 1, Vol 2, Vol 3.
- Singapore Blue (1990)XXX Amateur 3D videos of young girls in cheap hotels show there's more to this city than electronics! 60 min each. Vol 1, 2,3,4.

- Bare 3D (1990)XXX 80 min. each. Cuts from R & XXX adult titles, trills and surprises. Vol 1,2,3 \$40 each.
- Brown Sugar Vol 1 (1990)XXX 40 min. Black female-white male amateur 3D video - hot!

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- Home 3D Theater for 2-\$270 (1 driver, 2 visors, 2 tapes)
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- StereoVisor-S150 (Model D-headband panoramic-LCD)
- StereoVisor-S150 (Model G-deluxe eyeglass & 10 ft. cord)
- Stereo Extension Cord (Needed with Model D Visor)\$15
- StereoDriver-S150 (Model 2001-no pol rev. no loop)
- StereoDriver-S300 (Model 75-mag. pickup-no video in)
- Stereo Splitter (for using more than 2 pairs of visors)\$6
- 3D for 21st Century (42 pages)(review of 3D film ,tv)-\$6
- Professional Products Brochure-\$1-free with any order.
- Azden Stereolens - \$750-makes 3D with camcorders
- Toshiba 3D camcorder - \$3100-twin lens VHSC
- StereoMultiplexer S2400-add 2 genlockable cams for 3D
- Component StereoMultiplexer S4000-SVHS,RGB etc.
- StereoPlate for 7" or 9" monitor or 1 tube projector \$3800
- StereoPlate for 3 tube projector \$5600
- T-Shirt-3D TV logo-16 3D posters-S,M,L,XL-\$25
- VHS tapes-\$50
- Beta tapes-\$60
- 8mm tapes-\$60
- Super VHS tapes-\$70

SUBTOTAL

- Tax-7% Calif. only
- Postage (Theater for 1: \$6 , for 2: \$10 , \$2 each add'l item.
- Air outside US: \$30 for 1; \$40 for 2 , \$5 each add'l item)
- COD (add \$6 fee cash or MO)

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Why, Why, Why...?

Recently printed in a fanzine catalog:

FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE #1: reviews independent video, interview with serial killer Henry Lee Lucas, but basically a vehicle to promote Film Threat's new line of videos: a catalog listing in the back hawks the kinds of videos you can't get at the rental shops. An interesting twist is that the reviews pan some of Film Threat's own videos, much to the amusement of Dave Williams, the Guide's managing editor. S. 44pp. (sp) #FTVG1: \$2.50

This, and the questions posed by many readers have forced me to make a few brief statements:

REVIEWS

Despite the outcry "conflict of interest," FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE will continue to review (for better or worse) the videos we distribute. If we give a bad review to something we're also trying to sell—that's honesty. Not all films are for everyone, and we can't be expected to like everything. Would you expect any less? Also, giving bad reviews does not amuse me.

FTVG supports a new filmmaking community that's been ignored by both the mainstream media and the plethora of nostalgia-oriented movie mags. Without the power to publish uninhibited reviews (even about the tapes we sell), our opinions have no credibility.

NO MORE FREE ADS!

After much debate, FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE will have to end its philanthropic tradition of offering full purchasing information within our reviews: no more addresses or phone numbers. *No more free advertisements!* To those interested in simply having their work critiqued, just send it in. Anyone looking to sell their product in our pages had better call Justin Stanley, our friendly ad rep, because our rates are dirt cheap. A classified ad is only \$5. (Of course we will direct attention to the appropriate page.)

Look at other film magazines—when *Premiere* runs a cover story on *Silence of the Lambs*, doesn't Orion Pictures buy a full page ad in that same issue? Yes, they do. Why should we be any different? Without some kind of financial support from the community we serve, FTVG will dry up and blow away.

INDIE VIDEO VS. THE MAJORS

Buying videotapes is like voting. If you choose to purchase an independent film (like *Feeding Frenzy*, *Don From Lakewood*, or *OUCH!*), that's money not spent on mainstream titles like *Back to the Future III* or *Total Recall*. We're taking

money out of the pockets of Universal and Paramount and putting it back into the hands of people who have to struggle just to come up with enough cash to rent a camera or get some cheap editing time. That's why we're a THREAT!

Remember the Punk movement (around 1979?), when having a green mohawk was a real risk and not just a cliché? (Okay, it's still a risk in Texas...) People suddenly discovered that playing music wasn't some mystical power bestowed upon the favored few. Anybody could pick up a guitar and play (and then learn to play). Bands like The Ramones, The Clash, and even The Talking Heads formed before any of their respective members could even find a bar chord, pick out a base line or fake a good beat. The rap explosion of the late 80's proved that you don't even have to sing well or play instruments at all. Now that the technology is getting cheaper and easier to use (allowing anybody to pick up a camera) film and videomaking is on the verge of that kind of eruption. And FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE is going to be there on the edge.

FTVG SUBSCRIPTIONS?

Despite the fact that our premiere issue sold extremely well and received a lot of positive words (as seen in this issue's "Love Mail") we are not yet offering much-begged-for subscriptions.

THE NEW FILM THREAT

For all of you who long for the more free-wheeling editorial style of Chris Gore, know that FILM THREAT magazine will return as a slick, nationally distributed, and somewhat streamlined publication in Fall, 1991. Why the long wait? Redesign. Upgrade. Attitude enhancement. No, he hasn't sold out. In fact, the Gore-man is looking to take on some fatter targets. He's hunting big game in the world of Hollywood: loaded for elephant. Why?

Because he figures he can do more damage that way. Look for it on the stands, in the racks and in stores. You won't be disappointed.

Enjoy. •



SO I CAN BE
IDENTIFIED
IN DARK ALLEYS.

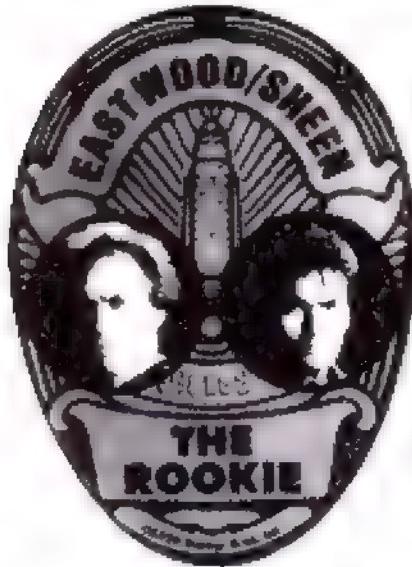
DAVE

David E. Williams

FILM THREAT

Scan Lines

SCOTT SPIEGEL (prankster/Detroit native) entered the big leagues with his script (with BOAZ YAKIN) for CLINT EASTWOOD's **The Rookie**. Surprisingly, the actioneer bombed (they were supposed to be Germans!), but SPIEGEL's next effort will be directing **The Nutty Nut**, a \$5 million comedy about twins separated at birth—one is a DONALD TRUMP-type who runs for president, the other has 14 personalities.



See the comedy? Co-written by SPIEGEL, RON ZWANG & SAM RAIMI, the film shoots in May. TRACI LORDS and JIM CAREY ("In Living Color") will star.



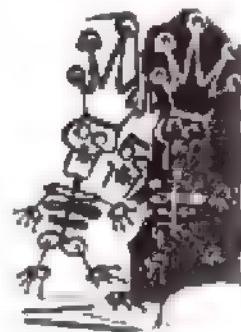
The *Twin Peaks Gazette* is now available to anyone with the cash burning a hole in their pockets. Says "Peaks" producer MARK FROST, "It's a true creative extension of 'Twin Peaks' written in cooperation with DAVID LYNCH, myself and the show's writers." Wonder if they get a cut? With the show now in hiatus (and cancellation looming), these guys need every dime that can get.

New York filmmaker/cheapskate USA HOULE has managed to weasel a job at a video editing company, which will let her



finish her Super-8 musical-comedy-horror feature **Pussbucket** on the übercheap. Good luck with the "overtime" Lisa!

German Art-Fave I: Nekromantik director JORG BUTTGEREIT, who recently completed his suicide/murder anthology **Der Todesking**, is currently in production on **Nekro 2**. Wonder who'll screw the corpse this time around?



Has (Café Flesh, Night Dreams) director STEVEN SAYADIAN been ripped off? Excaliber Entertainment is suing video distributor Shapiro/Glickenhaus Entertainment (who brought you the classic **Frankenhooker**) for \$75,000 for non-payment on his film **Dr. Caligari**. After declining to direct an episode of "Twin Peaks," it seems that SAYADIAN has gone back to making pornos (the universally panned **Night Trips 2** and the upcoming **Café Flesh 2**).

MARK PIRRO (A Polish Vampire in Burbank) is currently working on his latest feature, the comedy-horror-musical **Nudist Colony of the Dead**. Shooting in L.A.,



the film spoofs both fundamentalist religion and zombie B-movies in high-camp style.

Crass comedian ANDREW DICE CLAY's concert film **Dice Rules** will finally see the light of day after Carolco Pictures recently bought the rights from 20th Century Fox. Expect it to slime its way into your town this summer. (And we thought the **Hail Mary** protests were bad!)



German Art-Fave II: Artware Entertainment honcho UWE HAMM-FÜRHOLTER is currently working on the feature-length documentary **Transmission From God**, featuring interviews with such noted N.Y.C. underground-types as RICHARD KERN, ALYCE WITTENSTEIN, JOE COLEMAN, CASSANDRA STARK and CHARLES PINION.

FILM THREAT big cheeze CHRIS GORE is in post-production on his next film, **RED**, based on the infamous phone-pranks centered on the Tube Bar. After the success of his last film, **OUCHI**, we can only wonder what the Gore-man is up to, but expect a starring role from LAWRENCE TIERNEY and a cameo by SCOTT SPIEGEL. •



SCAN

*Reviews by Chris Gore, Corey Sienega,
Justin Stanley and Dave Williams.*

EXPLAINING OUR RATINGS:

Although we cringed at the thought of some clever little ratings system they all seem so trivial and degrading), we had to face the fact that our more unwilling/illiterate readers might need some help. Thusly, we arrived at the simplest: 1 to 10 scale.

10

Perfect! A must have for any collection and worth twice the price!

9

Excellent. Definitely worth buying.

8

Great. We're jealous and wish we'd thought of it.

7

Very Good. Would get the filmmaker an "A" at U.C.L.A.

6

Good. But not "very good." Wait until you have extra cash.

5

A few good scenes, but only at the 7-Eleven security-cam level.

4

Dull. But interesting at scan speed.

3

Trance-Inducing. Not interesting, even at scan speed.

2

Bad. You have a new blank tape.

Sucks! No explanation needed.

VIDS

CHILLERS

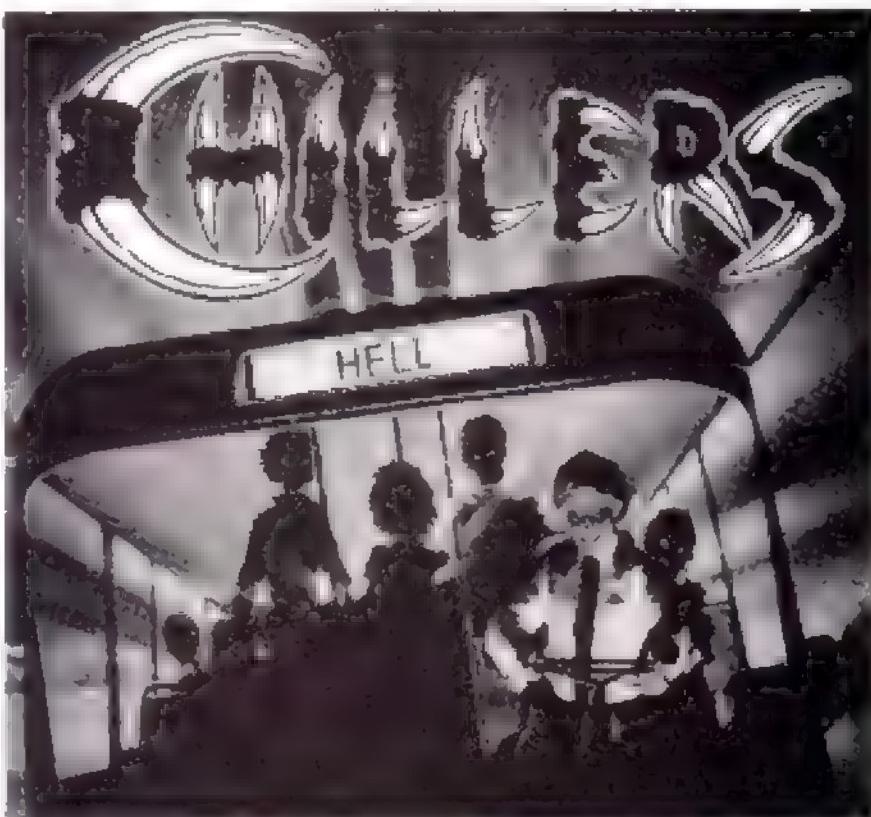
90 min/Film

Rae Don Entertainment

6

Anthology films are almost always hit or miss, with something good (or at least new) just a few minutes away. Although *Chillers* is a goofy film made up of several smaller, goofier films, it does contain some honest shock value, good (dumb) jokes, and enough energy to make it the perfect accompaniment for a Friday night brew-fest. In other words, you won't have half as much fun if you watch it alone. Unless you have

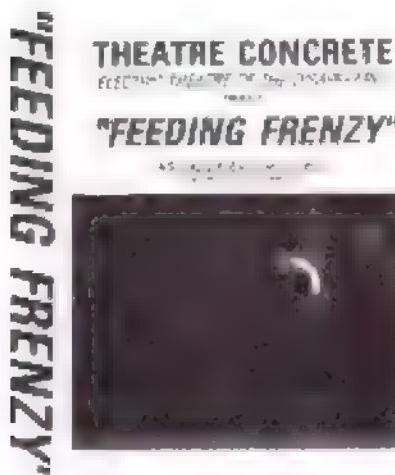
your friends to gasp, groan and guffaw along with you, the experience takes on all the charm of a warm lite beer. Loosely tied together by a somewhat stiff wrap-around story set in a bus stop (Why?!), the individual vignettes have a certain campiness that manages to diffuse many of the more revolting effects and stock storylines. (All for the better, eh?) Writer-producer-director Danial Boyd pulls a few boners but earns bonus points for the occasional great inside joke. The *Deliverance* "squeal like a pig" line coming from an 8 year-old Cub Scout? That's great! This is the kind of film that drive-ins were invented for, but now, thanks to the miracle of the VCR, we can have them right at home. - D.E.W.



FEEDING FRENZY
80 min/Video
FILM THREAT VIDEO

8

While I've seen many films and tapes produced by the disenfranchised youth that makes up today's counter-culture, most are little more than the annoying whines of the "have-nots." No power, fame, attention, or focus.



They work on one level: taking a contrary stand to whatever happens to be the status quo and safely attacking at full throttle. So what's accomplished? Everybody knows the system is corrupt, that greed and hate are on the rise, and that the future looks very grim indeed. Some revelation.

But Feeding Frenzy is the real thing. Ignoring the causes of today's urban despair, writer/director Frank Garvey and his Theatre Concrete group have instead concentrated on the outcome; the human beings that so often get lost in the pointless name-calling and dubious moral arguments that mar the bulk of today's political/cultural art. Presenting a (sur)realistic world populated by those who have slipped through the cracks, this tape gets in your face (and your head) by delving into the extraordinary

lives of ordinary, working class people—construction workers, strip dancers and drunks. By making visible the common chains of economic enslavement, ignorance and desperation that trap so many into believing they are powerless and without future, Feeding Frenzy works on the level of reaching all of us who mistakenly believe our lives are without fault. Reaching this epic level of universal struggle, the Theatre Concrete has constructed a truly timeless visual document. Technically the best shot-on-video piece I've ever seen, sans the mindless repetition and endless takes that drag down so many others, this is the kind of tape that belongs in any good collection.

- D.E.W.

GETTING EVEN:
The Video of
Dirty Tricks
40 min/Video
Paladin Press

8

"In a perfect world, life would be fair. All men and women would be equal and justice would prevail. In a perfect world you wouldn't need to buy this videotape. Unfortunately, the world is not perfect. It's a jungle out there and it's filled with every kind of con man, bully and pervert that you can imagine... Where the law stops, the vigilante begins." So begins Getting Even, an instructional video on revenge techniques. Based on the book of the same name, this tape has some great payback ideas that even I hadn't thought of. The pranks are told in a series of parodies, the various narrators never come out and tell you to go out and do these things (thus saving themselves from nasty



HAVE FUN & GET REVENGE

lawsuits). Some of the best tactics: use a xerox machine to print fake coupons for a store that ripped you off, flush quick dry cement down the toilet (fun for landlords), crazy glue your mates eyes shut and yell "FIRE!", and my personal favorite, mix a combination of raw chicken and milk in a jar that—when it ferments—turns into a lethal stink bomb. All of these are explained in detail with tips on how to avoid the law. The tape also warns us that:

"Getting Even, The Video of Dirty Tricks is intended for entertainment purposes only. Neither the writers, distributors, or the producer assume any responsibility for the use or misuse of any information contained in this film." But what could be more entertaining than the demise of your enemies through these fun and sick pranks. I loved it! - C.G.

SHUT UP & SUFFER
3 short films
by Beth B.
30 min/Video & Film

6

The best of the three is Thanatopsis, which means "a meditation on death", and features Lydia Lunch in her prime. I liked Lunch a lot better when she was younger and fatter. Unfortunately, she



LYDIA SUFFERS FOR HER ART.

doesn't get naked for the cameras. Lydia does what she likes best: she talks, and talks, and talks. On and on this dark-haired throwback to nihilistic punk attitudes drones about death and rape and abuse. Any artist who enjoys suffering (and most do) will love this film. I hate art and I was still entertained. -C.C.

ROCK LOBSTER
35 min/Film
&
RADIOACTIVE LOVE
25 min/Film
Shock Productions

6

Made over ten years ago by filmmaker Dan Dinello, this comes to us with several awards and good reviews from major magazines and newspapers (unlike many other films reviewed here). After viewing Rock Lobster, I can see why it has done so well. Made on a rock bottom budget and shot in Super 8, director Dinello turns these disadvantages to his advantage, giving us a



certainly weird and offbeat telling of the usual "tragic breakdown of once happy marriage - husband becomes useless unemployed slob - wife fantasizes about John Travolta (?) and runs off with the first guy who looks

remotely like him" story. Where the husband's pet lobster actually figures in all of this is anybody's guess. The film is well edited, and there are some beautiful transitions and cool directorial touches - though overlong at 35 minutes and some of the pop music soundtrack starts to grate after a while. Those gripes aside, anybody wanting to see what can be accomplished in a nothing budget Super 8 flick can get a good start here. Radioactive Love is by the same guy. This is available on the same tape as Rock Lobster. Basically a collection of music vids he has done for some small bands. OK, if you like that kind of thing. - J.S.

THE WRONG DOOR
80 min/Film
FILM THREAT VIDEO

7

The Wrong Door is certainly one of the best feature length Super 8 movies ever made. By this I mean there is good acting, good editing, excellent sound (and above all) there is some real care, thought and skill behind this production. A basic murder/mystery story, the film succeeds because it is well put together, and carefully plotted. There's some really good suspense, such as the scene where the main character is snooping around a woman's apartment and comes across a killer's message on her answering machine. Reminds us of Hitchcock at his best. This is the kind of film which is best to watch knowing very little about the plot so none of the twists and surprises are ruined. Highly recommended. Watch out for these

guys, in a couple of years they could really be something. They've certainly got the talent. - J.S.

METAL NOIR
80 long min/Video



Obviously made by some brain-dead, know-nothing filmmakers (who probably spend their spare time jerking off to Fangoria), this is one of the most shameful wastes of videotape I have ever seen. Filmmaking like this needs to be discouraged. Sometimes writing reviews can be a real chore, and films like this make it that way. - J.S.

DOPE, GUNS & FUCKING UP YOUR VIDEO DECK VOL. I
60 min/Video
Atavistic Video

6

(7 If you're drunk)

If you like good punk music, then you need this tape. Featuring some the best underground punk bands today (like Lubricated Goat and Halo Of Flies), this collection of clips features groovy opticals, grungy garage guitar thrash and better sound quality than you would expect from an underground upstart like



Atavistic. Despite the fact that these guys are working with no budget and fringe talent, we were pleasantly surprised. The entertainment value of this cassette increases exponentially with the intake of alcohol (preferably cheap, strong beer). Recommended. - J.S.



SADDAM IS DRY

SADDAM HUSSEIN: Defying the World
30 min/Video
VCI Strand/\$9.95

5

The war sure made great TV. I enjoyed all the different titles of the news shows—"A Line in the Sand," "Deadline in the Desert," "War in the Gulf," "Showdown in the Gulf," "The Gulf War," and "America at War." Each network had its own computer generated logo. These sounded like great action-movie titles, and the logos even looked good enough to market a film. Now that the greatest mini-series on television is finally over (that Gulf War thing, remember?), you can still purchase the greatest hits on video of Saddam Hussein.

Defying the World documents Hussein's rise to power (watch for his inevitable fall from power on CNN). Timing is everything and this video sold almost 100,000 copies as the war broke out. Now that the media hype has died down, so will the sales of this tape. I expected to see more gruesome footage that would truly compare Saddam to Hitler, but the Hussein just reminds me of my uncle who gets a little too drunk at family gatherings and says things he doesn't really mean. But for the price, it's well worth it. — C.G.



DOLL'S HOUSE - BARBIE AND SKIPPER GET 'EXPERIMENTAL'.

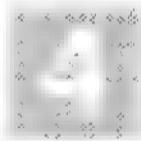
different things to different people, each one of these tapes almost surely contains something you have NEVER seen before. NEVER SEEN BEFORE. Not unless you happen to be either Charles Gatewood (the creator of these highly unusual documentaries) or the kind of twisted pervert who appears in these highly unusual tapes.

Covering the kinds of events, people and places only dreamed about by we mere mortals, Gatewood's cameras offer an unblinking, unflinching and downright funny look at our strange world. *Spring Break* covers the college fun I never had. Unlike the sanitized MTV coverage of the Ft. Lauderdale action, Gatewood pulls no punches as wet T-shirts, drunk frat boys and gyrating co-eds party down in a beer-induced craze. *Erotic Tattooing & Body Piercing* finally explains why anyone would want a bone through their nose (and how to do it!) and what kind of person goes for that "all-over" body art look as opposed to just a tasteful rose on their ass. *Bike Week* follows the

Harley-Davidson riding, booze swilling tough guys and gals who commandeer a small town for serious partying, while *Weird San Francisco* offers (what else?) the oddities of that swinging berg. Some interesting nudity, chill-producing piercings, and a high-camp gay/lesbian parade—hey it's all in good, clean fun!

— D.E.W.

DOLL'S HOUSE Long/Video Avatar Video



Despite the reference in the title, this film has no detectable correlation to Henrik Ibsen's classic drama, *A Doll's House*. I suppose the first clue was that, unlike this film, Henrik never intended for his work to be shot in "Bond-amation" nor did he specifically request that the lead actors all be played by Barbie dolls. A funny sight gag drawn out to weary extremes, *Doll's House* suffers from poor video

animation techniques, a pointless... plot (?), and a trance-inducing Casio-esque soundtrack. The video opens with Barbie and Ken bumpin' uglies and doing what nasty dolls do. Shortly thereafter, Ken picks up on another babe and things turn ugly for him as Barbie plots and carries out her revenge. I didn't think it was possible, but this filmmaker has managed to make bondage seem boring, taking the action from offe Barbie-bondage scene to the next. (The filmmaker could be commended for utilizing a racially integrated Barbie cast, but why do the Asian and African-American dolls have to be the evil conniving bitches with the gringo Barbie as the innocent victim? Hmm...?) Animated at one frame per second, watching *Doll's House* soon amounts to watching a clock tick and after the first few minutes, you might wish you were. — C.S.



"WEIRD MOVIES"
WEIRD BIKE WEEK
WEIRD SAN FRANCISCO
WEIRD SPRING BREAK
EROTIC TATTOOING &
BODY PIERCING
60 min each/Video
FILM THREAT VIDEO

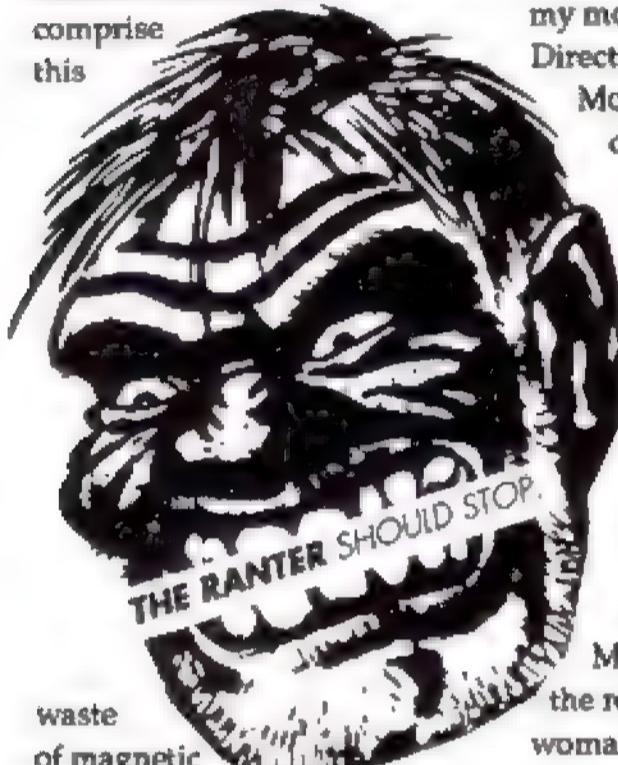
8

Overload. No other word can describe the feeling of watching these tapes back to back. But I did it. While the word "weird" can mean

THE RANTER

Too long/Video
Rantrave Prods.

Filled with countless "counter" ideas, philosophies, theories and claims expressed by the titular, bandanna-garbed character, it's amazing how little thought went into the endless seconds that comprise this



waste of magnetic tape. Fortunately, we got it for free and I have the ability to say mean things here in print. The box reads "WARNING: DO NOT WATCH THIS TAPE UNLESS YOU ARE PREPARED TO THINK." After 5 minutes, it made me stop thinking and become very sleepy. The only good thing I can say is at least now I have a blank for next week's Phil and Oprah. - D.E.W.

JUSTIFY MY LOVE

4 min/B&W/Film

8

Jim Kitses, professor of film at SFSU and noted critic and theorist, began his Film 404 class on film noir

a little differently this semester. After stating the far-reaching influence of noir (advertising, modern science-fiction, the thriller, etc....) the professor

popped a tape in the VCR to give us a little visual example. "...I want to be your baby... I want to be your mother... justify my love..." Hey, Jim, pretty hip babe. Now this video had become educational, no longer "basically pornography," as my mother had called it. Directed by Jean-Baptiste

Mondino, this film truly does evoke the noir underworld, a place where the rules are created by a desire to survive, where people are driven by need and passion rather than the norms of society. Shot in grainy black-and-white,

Madonna takes on all the roles of the noir woman: the femme fatale, the prostitute, the virgin. The theories of existentialism which permeate film noir perfectly adhere with the theme of the film—which is that we are all responsible for ourselves, for our action and our pleasure and should not rely on the mores of society to determine our own minds. — C.S.

TASTE THE LEATHER

24 min/B&W/Video
FRANK'S DEPRESSION
40 min/Video
Gore Films

Taste the Leather is a dim, plotless short that follows Jordan (the

MINI-INTERVIEW

Canadian director Tibor Takacs rambles about his adventures in cinema—from the cheapo classic *The Gate* to his low-budget breakthrough *I, Madman*.

By Rich Feren and Dave Kiner



DIRECTOR TIBOR TAKACS

As we began our salads, I checked with Tibor about the pronunciation of his name. It's "Tee-bor Tak-uss," an abridged version of a once larger name, Tiberius Gracchus.

DAVE: Tiberius? Is that some kind of gum disease or something?

TIBOR: No, that's pyorrhea. ("Pyorrhea" is a Greek word meaning a discharge of pus, and is a serious periodontal condition. - Ed.)

RICH: He was one of the Roman emperors, wasn't he? Didn't Peter O'Toole play him in *Caligula*?

TIBOR: That's right.

RICH: I always liked that one, it's kind of funny.

TIBOR: I saw that on Hollywood Boulevard and fell asleep.

DAVE: Do you know that you're the centerfold in Fangoria this month?

TIBOR: That's nice, I guess.

DAVE: Now you and Traci Lords have something in common. I've seen *I, Madman* a few times and it's not based on Hollywood kits. There's no "Freddy" in it and none of this Wes Craven rubber-reality bullshit. Despite the fact that David Chaskin (*Nightmare on Elm Street II*) did the script, it's really nicely written.

TIBOR: Well, this is better. I didn't like *Nightmare II* and told David when he came on that it was my least favorite of the series.

DAVE: Well, Jack Sholder isn't much of a director.

TIBOR: That's what he was telling me too. That he didn't really love the genre, that he was pissed off, saying, "I'm doing this horror stuff." *

Look for Takacs' next feature, *Gate II*, in the near future.



director) as he comes home from work and proceeds to whip his girlfriend with a riding crop for failing to have dinner ready on time. What follows are about 10 minutes of "groovy" video/strobe effects as

Jordan beats the shit out of this somewhat attractive yet under-nourished waif. Interesting, but not.

Frank's Depression is somewhat similar in tone. Shot on location in some small town in Maine, the tape is really the home-movies-style documentation of a rather bad public poetry reading. The reader, in white pancake make-up and flowing black robes, jabbers about how awful the world is, how he'd like to kill himself and how depressed he's trying to make the rest of us. Not interesting.

While I have compassion for anyone trapped in the soggy Northeast, I have to suspect that Jordan and his friends belong there. - D.E.W.

POST NO BILLS 10 min/B&W/Film (see classified section)

7

Have you ever seen those hilarious posters that take pot shots at Bush, Jim & Tammy, and Jesse Helms?



POST NO BILLS - ROBBIE CONAL WAS HERE.

Well, this short documentary goes behind the scenes and into the dark, dangerous, cop-filled streets of Los Angeles to uncover Robbie Conal, the artistic nut behind the "Artificial Art Official," "Contra Diction," and "Sex, Drugs & Rock n' Roll" posters. Made under the fascist noses of the U.S.C. film department by Clay Walker and Marianne Dissard, this short stabs into the heart of our doublespeak nation with clever use of sound effects, music and soundbites. Reagan's speech on the Iran-Contra snafu and Quayle's misinterpretation of the "a mind is a terrible thing to waste" slogan become even funnier under Clay & Dissard's careful manipulation. Like Michael Moore's *Roger & Me*, this is the kind of documentary that appeals to the rest of us. Unfortunately, the film is too short to really delve into anything more meaningful, but a feature length project is now in the works. Like most indie documentarists Clay & Dissard are having trouble

finding financial support for their work. I recently fell prey to their long-winded hard luck stories and personally urge anyone with the means to donate some cash to this project.
- D.E.W.

STUFFED 30 min/Video FILM THREAT VIDEO

8

Jim Feltler (or as his friends affectionately call him, "The Feltch Man") has created a masterpiece in the genre of suburban comedy. *Stuffed* follows the Puffin family and their various psychological disorders. Angora Puffin, the lesbophobic, overweight, white

Polyester pants clad bitch in heat, seduces young boys (in between yelling "Lesbians!" at other women). In a hilarious scene she shits her pants after seeing a cute boy in the middle of the supermarket. Later, Angora screws the boy in the closet of a record store where she works as the customers steal everything. Any film that contains a scene where a cute baby is killed by a narcoleptic fat girl falling on it is tops in my book.



THESE FAT CHICKS LOOK STUFFED.

The D.C. filmmaker has followed in the vein of John Waters' *Polyester* and assembled a cast of overweight, emaciated, and disgusting white trash to star in his films. I normally hate shot-on-video films but the subject matter perfectly fits this 30-minute short. This could be a pilot for a twisted TV family of the 90's. — C.G.

UP AGAINST A WALL
Subversive Prod.

7

I never liked documentaries that pretended that they didn't have a point of view, or filmmakers who saw documentaries as some sort of noble, more truthful endeavor than fictional film. Just as all good filmmakers manipulate their audiences to see things they way they want them to be seen, to buy their truth as the truth, Dana Mozer deftly manipulates her images and subjects in her 1989 film, *Up Against a Wall*—and that's what makes it work. Offering us a look into the lives of "graffiti artists," Mozer convincingly makes such ruffians out to be socially concerned individuals instead of just whining punks. Although the film is very much about New York and its problems with the high rents and stiflingly dense inner-city population, the problems which the filmmaker is concerned with have relevance to all major cities. The images in the film offer an immediacy which give it a real edgy quality, reflecting the personalities of its subjects and New York City. While the worth of such activities

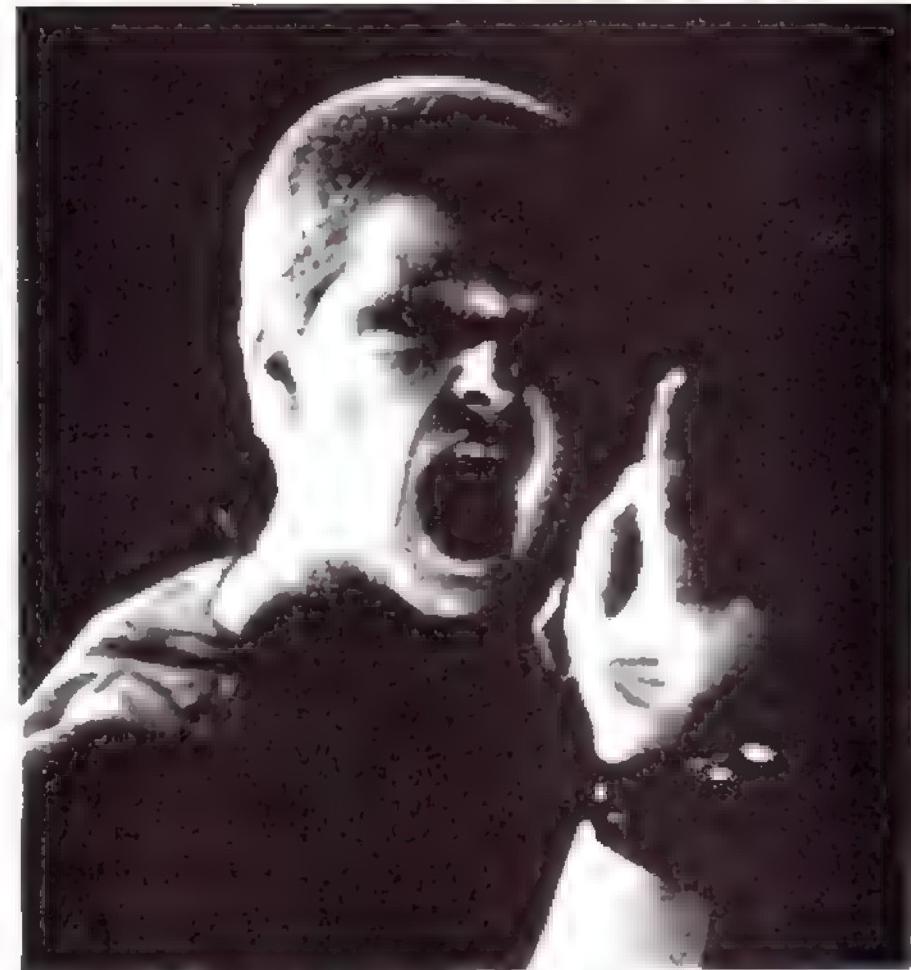
as doodling on people's homes and property may be debatable, the power of this film is that it clearly and entertainingly transmits its message: "We are dying. High rents are killing everybody. If we don't change the high rents, then there will be no culture here, no music, no art, no nothing." — C.S.

JUBILEE

Mystic Fire Video
(see classified section)

8

When this film was over and I got up to turn off my VCR, I couldn't help but think that if I had caught this film at 2 or 3 in the morning on cable or something I would have felt lucky. Originally released in 1978, *Jubilee* (a full-length feature directed by Derek Jarman) is a somewhat less romantic *Rocky Horror Picture Show* and stars Jenny Runacre, Jordan, and a young Adam Ant. With music from Brian Eno, Adam and the Ants, Siouxsie and the Banshees, and Wayne County, *Jubilee* is an enjoyable two-hours for any surviving punk fans. Jarman's film is truly a product of its times, spouting such philosophically loaded verbiage as "Sex is for geriatrics," "Is God dead?", and "Love snuffed it with the hippies." The film is interesting given the attitude changes that have occurred since the heyday of the late 70's punk scene, the statements and attitudes of the time having now been so devoured, recycled and used as original thought by nearly all independent types and



TOYAH WILLCOX AS MAD IN JARMAN'S **JUBILEE**.

MTV. *Jubilee* comes from a time when punk took itself seriously, not cynically and works well as testimonial from a desperate generation of youth. — C.S.

DEATH SCENES
80min/B&W/Video
Wavelength Video

8

Are you the kind who slows down to see the carnage in the motorway? Well, now you can do the same in the emotionless privacy of your own home. Through unspecified (though certainly unusual) channels, Dr. Anton "Belzebub Loves You" LeVey (figurehead of the one and only Satanic Church) somehow got his hooves on a wonderfully ghastly collection of AUTHENTIC vintage crime-scene photos and put them together in this nifty little tape. Yup, it's all here sans the tack-on magic of the cinema: auto accidents, suicide, murder, double



either the make-up FX guy who's run out of ways to kill people or the casual Freudian looking for the beast within us all. Isn't it great when something really sick falls into the wrong hands? - D.E.W.

BORDERS Mystic Fire Video (see classified section)

7

I've often lamented the fact that there are no renaissance men or women anymore. Today, people tend to marvel at writer/directors or pianist/guitar players or any guy who can fix the sink and the VCR. It seems almost impossible to imagine a person who understands both science and art, or painting and farming. In today's world we have specialized ourselves to such high degree that most of us benefit from only one sphere of knowledge and that can ultimately be a dangerous if not regrettable characteristic in a sophisticated society.

Produced and directed by Merrill Aldighieri and Joe Tropicana, *Borders* utilizes commentary, documentary footage, computer graphics, and dramatic fiction to

address a vast array of social issues and to identify the borders which inhibit people's freedom of movement and ideas. Such a mixing of styles to create this piece could be seen as a sort of calculated "renaissance" approach to filmmaking; however, some of the different styles conflict to a distracting degree with the strengths of the film.

The film's weakness lie in its sometimes excessive use of computer graphics and in the lackluster "dramatic fiction" section of the film. The narrative is plodding and boring but the footage of the El Paso Border Patrol and the insights of author-futurist Robert Anton Wilson (called the "Lenny Bruce of philosophy") alone make this film worth watching and, despite some slow moments, this film is gourmet food for thought. - C.S.

A HUNGER ARTIST

27 min/B&W/Film
THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN
17 min/B&W/Film
FILM THREAT VIDEO

8

Plain and simple, *A Hunger Artist* is a wonderful film: see it, rent it, buy it. A striking cinematic achievement and a credit to all films which rely on a literary tradition. There are so many films adapted from books or stories which, while doing a completely competent job of re-telling a story on film, fail to add anything new or any real



KONG ATTACKS IN **BORDERS**.

THIS ACTUALLY GOT MADE



REEVES AND SWAYZE FROLIC IN **POINT BREAK**.

Directly from the press kit:

"Johnny Utah (Keanu Reeves) is a rogue, a rebel. Always looking for the edge, always living on it. When injuries kill a promising pro-football career, Utah joins the FBI. Not your average, everyday career alternative for a former athlete. But then again, Johnny Utah's not your average, everyday kind of guy."

Transferred from the Midwest to Los Angeles, where sun, surf, traffic and smog somehow coexist with 20th Century spirituality, Special Agent Utah is assigned to investigate a near-perfect string of bank robberies.

Taking the lead from his partner (Gary Busey), Utah goes undercover among the maverick fringe who surf off the Southern California coast, where for the first time he meets his match: a master surfer who personifies the union of mind, body and spirit. Bodhi (Patrick Swayze) proves to be a dangerous teacher, one who shows the young FBI agent a whole new way of looking at the world..."

Isn't that the biggest LOAD you've ever heard?

justification for such a re-telling. Rarely, however, does a filmmaker tackle a piece as powerful as Kafka's original and give it such a brilliance that it is hard to imagine the story being told any other way. Strysik pays great compliment to Kafka, using shadow and composition to lure the viewer into the grainy fog of a long

remembered dream. The film tells the story of a man who feels the need to push himself to gain fame, wealth and success through being the person who can go longer than anyone else without food. Robert Rothman (who co-wrote the script) plays the starving man with an elegant simplicity, beautifully complementing the weighty

passion with which Strysik tells this story.

The Music of Erich Zann is another great film by Strysik. Director-of-photography Michael R. Goi gives a tenebrous richness to Erich Zann, which depicts the strange relationship between two tenants in a French boarding house on the Rue de Ciel. Dense composition and fine acting give the film a well-crafted sense of tension as we, like the curious Ward seek to find the answer to the mystery of the strange harmonies of Zann's music. While perhaps not as strong as his A Hunger Artist, the film manages to create the other-worldliness of H.P. Lovecraft's original story. It suffers a bit from the concreteness of the images, however, the mysterious melodies created by Andre Caparoso give a real completeness to this intriguing film. — C.S.

TWISTED ISSUES FILM THREAT VIDEO 80min/Video

7

A video feature film about skaters in Gainesville, Florida? I must say I wasn't excited, but this thing is incredible. There are the annoyances of poor quality and acting, but then that's part of this film's charm. The opening shot is a news report on South African mine workers and a punk getting up and opening a beer. In a fantasy sequence, a guy kills his girlfriend with gardening shears. More news reports. A non-violent skater is killed hit and run style by some belligerent hicks. He is brought back to life by a mad scientist. After the skater-punk

awakes, he kills the scientist, drills his skateboard (impaling it on his foot), dons a fencing mask (a la Jason, Friday the 13th) and goes on a killing rampage. The gore is cheap, but it's good. A real crowd pleaser and it'll make some squeamish folks leave the room. I know I did. Charles Pinion, the film's creator, has this to say:

"There seems to be a bit of snobbery toward video, which I confess, I had too. I certainly prefer the look of film. But in Gainesville, Florida, it wasn't possible. Even the cost of Super 8 would have been prohibitive. I'm actually pleased with the way that the film looks. It's a narrative—I call it a film—to call it a "video" implies something really horrible to me. The movie is schizophrenic and sentimental—a documentary of a town/scene I was leaving, plus an attempt at a movie."

For only \$15.00 you're ripping this guy off. That's only 150 returnable beer cans (at 10¢ a piece). I'd like to see what this guy could do with a budget, but maybe the world is safer so long as Charles doesn't have one. — C.G.

ZINES

PURE IMAGES

Greg Theakston
Pure Imagination
88 Lexington Ave., 2E
NY, NY 10016

Premiere issues are always interesting, but it's often difficult to tell if the editor(s) can keep up the good work. Ish #1 of Greg Theakston's Pure Images is a real service to the hoards of comic-illiterate masses (of which I am one). Totally devoted to the careful tracing of Spider-Man's murky origins, including original Jack Kirby boards



SPLATTERED SKATE-PUNK IN TWISTED ISSUES.

and Sid Jacobson's 1954-era characterization notes, PI #1 is invaluable to anyone interested in the evolution of the popular Webhead.

Issue #2 features the history of Marvel comic, focusing on such tidbits as the secret development of The Fantastic Four title (and how Stan Lee became the major player behind it), the birth of Forry Ackerman's Famous Monsters mag, (which became an inspirational force for many of today's filmmakers and SPFX types), and the birth of The Incredible Hulk from Lee and Jack Kirby's prolific loins. What can I say, it's spellbinding. If future issues follow these same lines, I'll actually become a fan. (Oh God, another comic-nerd!)

BOX DOG

P.O. Box 9609
Seattle, WA. 98109

Self-described as a distributor of "politically correct exploitation for the 90's," Box Dog makes available the sights/sounds/words offered by the fledgling Seattle underground scene, offering videos of banned local bands. Send for a free catalog and test your luck!

PARANOID TALES OF NEUROSIS

Artist- Joe Deagnon
85 Black Friar Lane
Brantford, Ontario
N3R 7M2 CANADA

Simply said, Deagnon's fully illustrated, hyper-fun, sickly-twisted 'zine is one of the best uses of paper since the earlier, funnier issues of FILM THREAT (1-8). Like Harvey Pekar's American Splendor, Paranoid Tales is a hopelessly autobiographical account of Deagnon's incredibly boring life, but embellished by wild bits of imagination and illustrated in the best Ralph Steadman-esque tradition. Obsessed with heavy metal, drugs, slasher films and porn (probably in defense against the mindless boredom associated with the traditional Canadian existence), Paranoid

"Now THAT I WAS ALONE, I WOULD MAKE THE SLOW DECENT INTO CYNACY..."



Tales issues 1-3 should be required reading for Slayer fans, anyone of draft age or the poor souls trapped in such Great White North-like states as Kansas or Indiana.

BRAIN SNOT

Editor - Jason Beck
603 Toby Ln.
Conroe, TX 77301

Looks can be deceiving. This kind of Xerox rag is probably one of the most valuable resources one can have in his/her collection (like *Fact Sheet 5*), but looks like something typed up by monkeys and slapped together by a 4-year-old (unlike *Fact Sheet 5*). However (like *Fact Sheet 5*), *Brain Snot* is a great source for finding obscure 'zines, complete with contacts and addresses. Happily, Jason promises to increase size and quality next issue. (And no, I'm not log rolling because he gave our premiere a rave, fuck you.)

TECHNOCRACY BLUES

By Glenn Barr - \$1.00
307 W. 6th St. #209
Royal Oak, MI. 48067

An exceptionally illustrated modern fairytale told in only

the hippest/funniest Post-Reagan/Orwellian manner. Following Jiggs, a somewhat physically/mentally impaired drone whose greatest sense of wonder revolves around the preparation of fishsticks, this micro-comic is good for a smile. (Okay Glenn?)

HEADCHEESE AND CHAINSAWS & SLUDGEFEAST

(Headcheese) - Rob
33 Ernwill Ave.
Castletown, Sunderland
SR5 3EB
(Sludge) - Paul
12 Daneshill Rd.
Leicester, LE3 6AL

What a great idea! Like some sick confection, this is two 'zines in one! (That way only half as many trees have to die!) Wonderfully complimentary, these two mags are different enough to warrant the extra pages without achieving that critical mass known as boredom. Covering comics, films, English politics (Don't read *The Sun!*), etc., this double dip features spotlights on German censorship and Richard Kern. Without any convictions rising from the need to be "underground" or cool

IN 10 YEARS, YOU MIGHT READ ABOUT THIS FILM IN:

PSYCHORONIC



CHEVY CHASE AND DEMI MOORE LOOK EMBARRASSED.

Dan Aykroyd's directorial debut *Nothing But Trouble* was so bad that it went through three titles (*GIT*, *Valkenvania*) before being finally released—only to sink like a stone at the box-office. Sounds like a cover story to us.

TUNES

COCTEAU TWINS

"Heaven or Las Vegas"

Capitol Records
CD/LP/Cassette

9

Finally one of my favorite bands are now gaining mainstream popularity. Die-hard fans always seem to dread this but I think it's about time. Their songs never have any real discernable words and end up like a

Rorschach test, so if you hear people trying to sing along it tells more about the person than the lyrics. "Heaven or Las Vegas" refers to critics who have compared their music to sounding like heaven. The music usually reminds me of ex-girlfriends or an especially good screw session, which means I listen to them often. The band is great live as well. I recently saw the Twins at the Wiltern Theater in Los Angeles and could not believe that those songs could be reproduced so beautifully live. Highly Recommended. - C.G.

FILM THREAT

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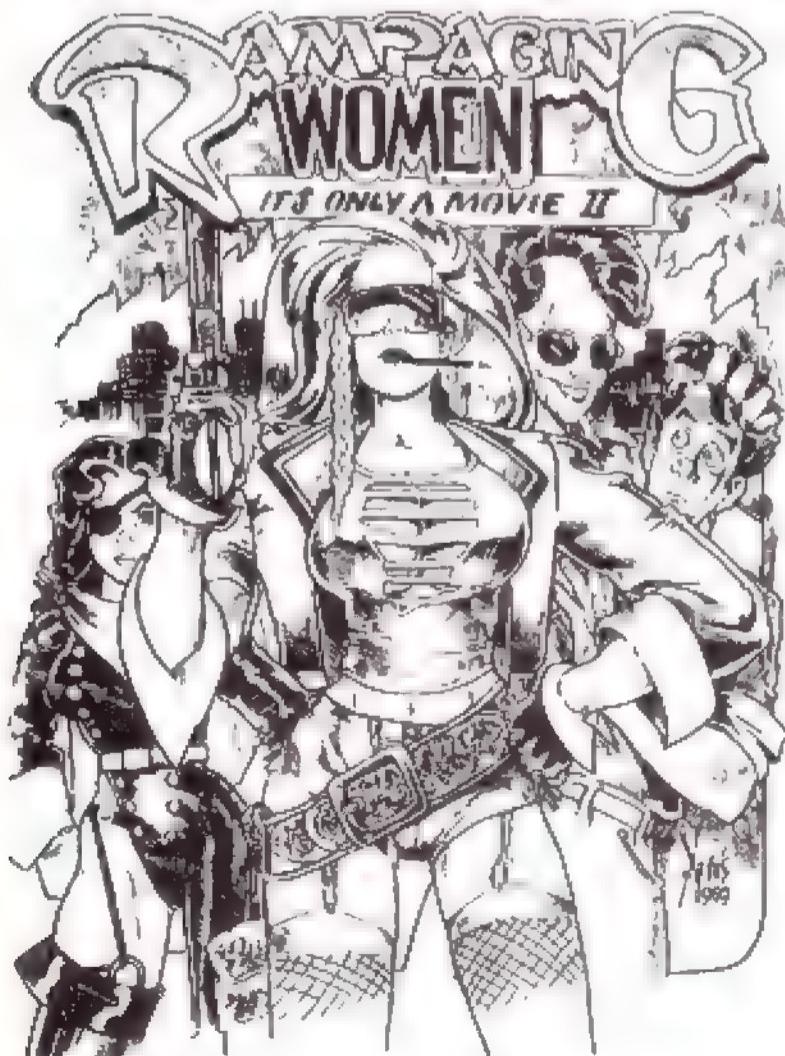
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FILM
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Feature

HOW WAS YOUR WORLD?

"Groovy" can be overrated.

Last weekend, I trucked my car-track recorder and trusty Canon 500 S Super-8 camera down to Dolores Park and marched with what turned out to be well over 100,000 San Franciscan nouveau-hippies brandishing signs and shouting such now-familiar slogans as "No Blood for Oil," "Draft Beer, Not Boys," and the ever popular "Impeach Bush." While I'm still confused as to my own feelings about the military happenings of late, I'm somewhat fascinated by the reactions that have surfaced in others. I was there to capture the essence of the protest, to try and understand the energy and impetus that drives so many to howl at the moon, to put so much time and genuine emotion into trying to drown out the monolithic roar of the wheels of government. I admire the effort, not unlike the way I admire mountain climbing, but I don't really understand either.

Nevertheless, the overwhelming sight of so many people together on that sunny Saturday afternoon bore an eerie resemblance to the protests of 10 odd years ago. Or at least what my generation has been treated to on television and in movies.

There were those there who seemed to be leftovers from the good ol' hippie days, but they were, for the most part cleaned-up and looked like someone's folks. I imagined them to be part of that past movement. Those young people that had gotten together and begun something the like of which had never been seen before in this country--a civilized revolution of sorts--or who had at least changed many people's perception of the way things should be. The puritanism that had existed before could not survive any longer.

No matter how naive, idealistic,

drug induced, or short-lived their visions, those young people had created something of their own: a look, a lifestyle, and a purpose. The difference which became so readily apparent in this protest and those of the past, however, was that so many of these people were trying to recreate something, attempting to evoke the aura of a time when societal nihilism had not yet taken such a heavy toll on youthful romanticism. Unlike their

insincerity, for the efforts of any people who are willing to stand up for what they believe in should be respected, most certainly; however, the difference in the moods of the respective generations is too obvious to go unnoticed. The prevalent feeling here was a somewhat more cynical one, seemingly driven by disenchantment rather than a belief that "we can change the world." This was, after all, a protest in the long wake of the deaths of Jim, Jimi, Janis, and perhaps more importantly, the suicides of Abby Hoffman and Mitch Snyder. Practicality seems to have won out over idealism among the members of my generation and I can't help but feel a bit cheated that we as a society (including myself, a disillusioned, romantic, twentysomething San Franciscan) now display such a queer and tangible apathy for this type of self expression.

Perhaps it is this romantic view of the past and the disenchantment with the present that is inspiring what seems to be a disproportionate number of films concerned with that era of rebellion.

Having done Vietnam ad nauseam, the focus of the media seems to have turned back home and stepped into those idealistic-hippie-beatnik-flowerchild-rock and roll-bohemian-heavy drinkin'-pot smokin'-acid droppin'-coke-snortin'-Indian lovin'-vagabond years. And who better represents this era than those ever-popular, college dormitory favorites, The Doors--and their ephemeral, leather-clad leader, Jim Morrison. (Did I just hear a "hallelujah"?) Jim asked the question "How was your world when you left it--was it good enough to base a movie on?" Oliver Stone



I was excited to pay homage to the shamanistic junkie genius of Jim Morrison, but I guess that was really the saddest part.

now middle-aged predecessors, the tie-dyed youths here were cloaked in an already coded uniform, unwilling or unable to join strongly enough to find one of their own. This is not an accusation of

"I'M WITH On Location

has apparently answered for Him, and it was a multi-million dollar "YES!" In fact, Mr. Morrison's world was apparently good enough even to launch a nationwide search for a Lizard King look-alike, roll over 10,000 fake doobies, round up a real tribe of American Indians (including Mr. Floyd Red Crow), and hire hundreds of local, gum-snapping cosmetologists to glue sideburns and paint peace signs on thousands of wannabe hippie faces! So for three days this summer, a bunch of friends and I were among the lucky numbers who stood around in batik and india-print waiting for a look at the movie stars and absorbing the seductive recreated grooviness when director Oliver Stone brought *The Doors* to San Francisco. "Summer's almost gone..."

Day One:

After running into Gilbert and Bobby in the Haight-Ashbury and reporting my sad tale of the bitch at Aardvark's (and you know who you are) who tried to charge me \$15 for some tired hippy-chick skirt that was marked \$6 and then made me buy even more stuff that I didn't want because she wouldn't let me write a check for less than \$20, we went over to St. Vincent De Paul's and got a killer deal on a pair of suede bell bottoms for Bobby (only eight bucks!), and then met everyone else at my apartment to get all gussied down for our big film debut.

As soon as we looked sufficiently unkempt, we stocked up on cigarettes and beverages, and piled into Bobby and Jo's

respective

cars. Upon the insistence of Gilbert "Mr. Method" Pickett, we plunked in the Doors and called up the spirit of Jim Morrison as we headed down Interstate 280—smokin', singin', and suckin' down instant screwdrivers (a gulp of OJ, a gulp of Vodka—swish swish— MMM...) on our way to the San Mateo County Fairgrounds for our 5:00 pm call time.

"Break on through to the other side, break on through..."

Once there, we were directed to stand in what would be the first of many lines. This one looked disturbingly like the circus auditions for the "geek" slot, with everyone adorned in clothes that most homeless people would turn down. For as silly as we all looked, the air was strangely filled with attitude and I began to get the distinct impression that some of these people actually thought that they looked good in their vinyl boots and hip-huggers. Mike, Bobby, Gunnar, Gilbert and I stood in line eating the trail-mix that Jo had brought, waiting for the slightly effeminate man (who was apparently the costume director and a walking cliche', as well) flanked by his troll-like companion scribbling on a little yellow notepad to come by and give us our parts: "Hippie, hippie, hippie, cop, hippie, cop, hippie, hip..." We were all picked to be hippies, except Bobby, who was supposed to be a "preppie" but stayed with us because he already bought

We were in actuality being blindly led to slaughter as communist pinko subversives.

the groovy pants. Faced with some time to kill, I began to think how sad it was that none of us had anything better to do than come all the way out here and stand in this long line o' geeks for a crummy five dollars an hour. Don't get me wrong, I was excited to be there to pay homage to the shamanistic junkie genius of Jim Morrison, but I guess that was really the saddest part.

"People are strange when you're a stranger, faces look ugly when you're alone..."

After being split into boy and girl lines, we waited to be either stamped "approved" or fitted with more appropriate "swingin' fan garb." I guess we'd been standin' there quite a while because I began to get paranoid musings that maybe we hadn't been rounded up to be extras in the *Doors* film at all, that maybe we had thought we were going to a love-in but we were in actuality being blindly led to slaughter as communist pinko subversives. I envisioned scenes from Woodstock all mixed with Franju's film *Blood of the Beast* at the part where the guy is whistling as he lines the goats up on the table and takes his big hammer-

"Yeah, you're ok... uh, can you put that thing on? Next!"

I put on the groovin' pullover I had brought as requested and headed toward hair and makeup, soon finding myself in yet another line. From what I could see of the results of "hair and makeup," curly-haired girls got headbands, boys got sideburns, and everyone got something stupid painted on his (or her,

THE BAND with The Doors

By Corey Sienega

PHOTOS BY GILBERT PICKETT AND FRIENDS

but I'm not going to keep doing this because it's completely implied) face. I never really envisioned the late Sixties and early Seventies as a time when everyone wore paint on his face but that's apparently what Oliver wanted, so... I suppose they had to do something to make us look more authentic due to the fact that most of us bathe more regularly than our crusty, 60's, groovemeister counterparts. Luckily, I escaped with a heart on one cheek and a peace sign on the other and just my regular straight hair. I felt kinda bad though for the African-Americans because they all ended up lookin' like Link from 'The Mod Squad"... or was that 'The Rookies'? All I know is that I would have rather looked like Peggy Lipton which, of course, I did not. I really did feel funkier though, and we all found ourselves exchanging peace signs with genuine affection for our brethren as an audible hum emanated from the line where we waited to get on our big, beautifully colored busses and ride off to the Las Pulgas Water Temple...

"Kum-bay-ya, my lord, kum-bay-ya..."

On the bus we tried to sing Doors songs but most of us didn't know enough of the words, so we ended up singin' "California Dreamin," "I Got You, Babe" and other such classics like 'The Brady Bunch Theme.' It was a loving environment and I couldn't really say how many of these Magic Busses there were but there were approximately 1,500 of us so you do the math. Ours was a purple double decker and it seemed that the farther we drove, the more I began to resent my parents and the establishment in general.

Most of us bathe more regularly than our crusty, 60's, groovemeister counterparts.



There was a strange calm as we pulled up to the location, the green glow of the water temple standing out against the now black sky. That night's shoot was a concert sequence (no, it wasn't Miami—at least I didn't see any wankie) and for some reason everybody began to rush toward the stage to find a place to stand. (I think they thought that Jerry Garcia was up there or something.) My roommate Mike and I decided to wander around a bit and nobody seemed to mind us pokin' our noses in things up on the stage since they were all pretty busy. And then...

"That's him."
"Where?"
"In the green fedora and leather jacket."

We tried to act casual about being in such close proximity to double Oscar-winner Oliver Stone, but it was pretty evident that we were both failing.

"I thought he would be taller..."

"Geez, he looks like such an aristocrat, a blue-blood."

"Really? I thought he looked more like a quarry worker."

"Look, that's his kid..."

"Oh... so you think he's married?"

Within two minutes I had turned into some sort of bimbo—"I'm with the band"—groupie and I think Mike had decided that he wanted to be adopted. (Mike Stone—cool...) Luckily, we both snapped out of our respective trances as staring became rather boring. I caught up with Gilbert and Bobby and some friends. One of the girls, Mary, was deciding whether or not to be one of the "naked girls who storm the stage." They were going to pay her \$25 extra and she had already agreed to do it, but she was now beginning to get cold...um, feet. This other friend, Miles, agreed to get naked but I'm not sure if they offered to pay the guys anything extra or not. It seems they can spend tens of millions of dollars on a picture but can't fork over a little extra cash for the brave souls willing to bare their booties to the greater part of the Western Hemisphere for the sake of art. (Miles did become real popular though, and people would later begin spontaneously chanting his name when things got a bit slow: "Miles, Miles, Miles...") As the hours passed, people relaxed and sat around on the grass. I thought that this must be what a Dead show is like, only without all those fat old men on stage.

It was about nine o'clock by the time we hippies were finally addressed, and that was by an utterly charming and amazing man named Joe Reidy. He was the Assistant Director and seemed to be doing all the work, but I guess Oliver was probably



huddling
with Val and the boys
while Joe was talking with us. Joe must
be a pretty talented guy 'cause I noticed
that he was the assistant director on
Scorsese's *Goodfellas*, and the 2nd A.D.
on *Tootsie*. Anyway, he gave us our
direction: we were supposed to scream
and chant for Jim and The Doors, "BOO"
the cops who were lining the stage and
then cheer again when the cops got
pushed out of the way. It was pretty
taxing but we pulled it off like
professionals. The song they were
performing was one I didn't know
at the time, "Not to Touch the
Earth", and I liked it—for the first
three or four hours. For two days
I would hear almost nothing but
this song and it still rings in my ears
occasionally, like a Manson Family
mantra:

*"Not to touch the Earth, not to see the sun,
Nothing left to do but run, run, run, Let's
run, run, run..."*

When the music started and we
had done the first take, that's when the
big debate began:

"He does not look anything like
Jim."

"Ohmigod, he looks exactly like
him."

"His eyes are totally wrong;
Jim's were almost totally black."

"That's only when he was
faced—he couldn't always be high."

"Sure he could... you take that
back, man."

"He looks like him, but Jim
was never that hairy..."

"Val is totally cuter than Jim
Morrison!" (She was later killed.)

"The stunt-double looks
more like Jim."

"They should have gotten
that guy from *The Lost Boys*."

"At least they didn't get
John Travolta."

As soon as the music
started and Joe had us all
chanting "Doors! Doors! Doors!"

though,
none of that mattered; for us,
Val Kilmer was Jim Morrison. The rest of
the band looked sort of goofy-but-
convincing, and they actually played their
instruments along with the tape, jamming
a few times while they were waiting for
the next setup. I had walked by Kyle
MacLachlan's trailer earlier and thought,
"Wow, Special Agent Dale Cooper!" But
now he was Ray Manzarek and had this
long, dirty-blond hair with monster
burns and spectacles. Let's just say you

*I was starting to feel and smell a little too much
like a hippie around the eighteenth hour.*

wouldn't sit next to him on the bus if you
had a choice about it. Kevin Dillon
(*Platoon*, *The Blob*) was on drums as
John Densmore, but beyond hair color,
didn't look anything like him... but
honestly, who's gonna know the
difference? Frank Whaley (*Born on the
Fourth of July*, *The Freshman*) is much
better looking than Robby Krieger but
they had him in long and fuzzy Kreiger-
hair wig and... well, you just can't look
that good on a bad hair day, you know?

For the next few hours, that was
about all that we did: sometimes with
sound, sometimes without, sometimes
with props, sometimes without.

Just when we

were
about to get loopy from rock
concert fever, yelling "Jim I love you!
You're God!" Joe said it was time for a
lunch break. It was about midnight by
that point. We were all pretty hungry
and, despite having quite a good time, I
was pretty eager to get away from this
one "hippie" who was a bit too loving.
(More on him later.) Dinner (lunch?
breakfast?) consisted of laminated
sandwiches, potato salad or chips, a
pickle, an apple or pear, and a Coca-Cola

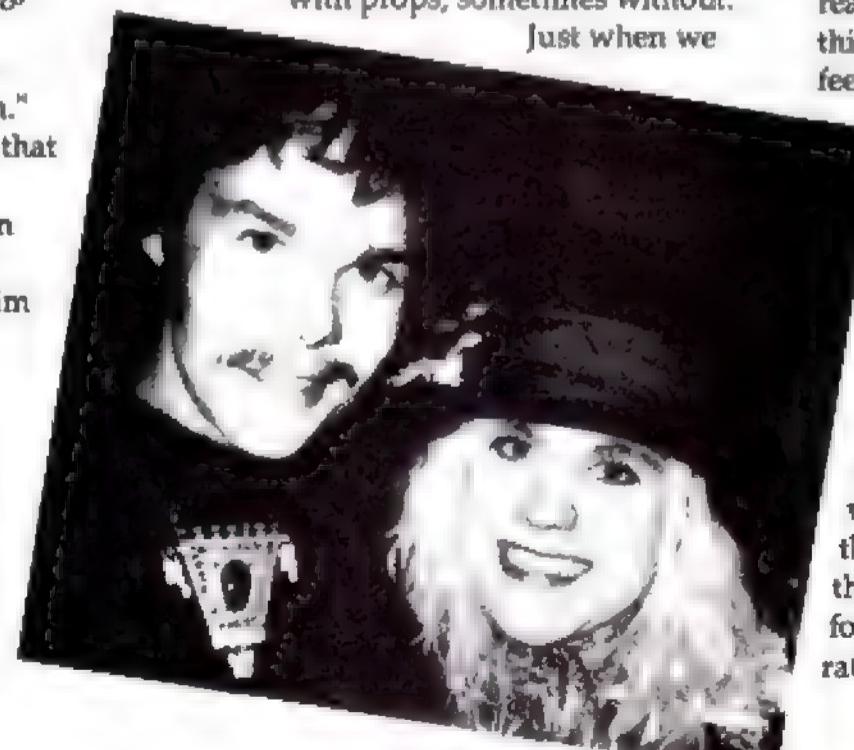
Classic. We all sat on folding
chairs in the middle of the road to
dig into this gourmet display. It
tasted better than it looked, which
only meant that it tasted like it had
been made for this particular
occasion and hadn't been stored away in
some office building in case of a chemical
weapons attack. After dinner, we
skeptically lined up at the port-a-potties
and then wandered back toward the
concert.

I was sitting on my little patch of
grass where I had been standing for the
last few hours with "Not to Touch the
Earth" droning on in my head, when I
heard a strange voice in the air calling my
name:

"Corey—I'm up here!"

It was Gilbert waving from the
top of the stage for me to come there. He
reached down and pulled me up and next
thing I knew we were standing about ten
feet from Joe, Oliver Stone, and all the

principal cast members, including
Billy "be careful or your face will
stick that way" Idol. It was the shot
just before the band members go on
stage to sing that song and we were
to be the "screaming groupies" who
cheer for The Doors as they get out of
their limo to go on stage. Gilbert and I
spoke with the young man who was
playing the chauffeur, thinking that he
was an actor or something. It turns out
that his dad made him come to protect
the vintage family limo "so those movie
folks don't mess up my car." He seemed
rather nonplussed by the whole



the mock-Doors "could you please use the ashtrays?", these bozos were flicking their butts on the floor. Gilbert then

she claimed to have had to roll 10,000 fake joints at the last minute.

became the evil cameraman and leaned into the car and ever so subtly asked: "Val can I take your picture?" Click! He turned out not to mind at all, and even pawed the blond girl in the car for Gilbert's lens. Apparently, Gilbert is pretty persuasive as paparazzi and managed to get pictures of just about everyone, including the girl who claims to have gone back to Mr. Dillon's hotel room with him. If he did take her with him, it was presumably in Densmore rock-boy character...

"Hello, I love you won't you tell me your name?"

The camera they used was huge and amazing and took a few people to operate and two people to ride. It was on this sort of hydraulic crane that took the

Mary was deciding whether or not to be one of the "naked girls who storm the stage."

camera from a medium shot that followed Val all over the stage, then took off, swooped toward the bonfire that was situated in the middle of the crowd and finally rested back up on the stage in an extreme close-up of Jim/Val at the end of the song. I kind of felt like smoking a cigarette after watching that thing in motion, but I suppose that's more of a problem for my analyst than you. What is then supposed to happen in the scene is a bit sketchy but it apparently relates to Jim's big Indian-thing (please forgive the double entendre) which is described in the book No One Gets Out Alive. Within, co-authors Hopkins and Sugarman recount a tale that Jim would

They taught us how to dance like people on drugs.

often tell, something that happened to him when he was just a boy. It seems his family witnessed a car accident which involved a couple of American Indians who died on the scene. Jim felt that the soul of one of the Indians entered his

Useless DOORS Privia

BAND EVOLUTION
MADE SIMPLE:



In the spring of 1965, John Densmore met keyboard player Ray Manzarek at a Transcendental Meditation seminar. Ray called him several months later to come jam with his band Rick & the Ravens, which featured Ray's two brothers and a strange new lead singer named Jim Morrison whom Ray knew from UCLA film school. Ray's brothers didn't like Jim, and after they quit Densmore brought in his friend and former bandmate Robby Krieger. Morrison took the band's name from the title of Aldous Huxley's book The Doors of Perception (Huxley took the title from a phrase by William Blake), and The Doors were born.

- 65-67 Gig relentlessly at clubs, becoming house band at London Fog and (later) the Whiskey-A-Go-Go. (Later banned from latter for lewd performances.)
- 6/24/67 "Light My Fire" hits #1 on Billboard charts.
- 7/1/68 Robby Krieger's current address is 710 Alma Real Dr. Pacific Palisades.
- 7/13/68 "Hello, I Love You" becomes their second (and final) #1 hit.
- 9/19/68 In Copenhagen for show at the Falkonerconcert and to tape TV special.
- 9/8/68 Doors Management office located at 8512 Santa Monica Blvd. (213) 659-1687.
- 3/7/69 Return to Los Angeles from Caribbean.
- 4/5/69 Jim Morrison out on \$5,000 bond for lewd and lascivious behavior in Miami.
- 11/24/69 Fredrick Baker and Morrison arrested in Phoenix for assault on a plane flight from LA to Phoenix.
- 7/2/70 Fined \$600 for the above incident.
- 12/12/70 In New Orleans for date at the Warehouse.
- 4/24/71 "Love Her Madly" tops at #11.
- 7/3/71 Drugged and drunk, Morrison apparently dies of a "heart attack" at age 27.
- 7/10/71 Band spokesperson cleverly reports that Morrison had a "respiratory problem."
- 7/24/71 Despite Jim's death, "Riders On the Storm" tops at #14. Their last charting single.
- 12/1/89 Oliver Stone announces Doors feature based on Danny Sugerman's Wonderland Ave. and No One Gets Out Alive.
- 2/24/91 I notice that rock critic Dave Marsh describes Doors as "bansal," their fans "obnoxious" and their music "pubescent." I agree.
- 3/1/91 The Doors, starring Val Kilmer as Morrison, opens to cash in on revived interest of band and era.
- 3/15/91 My roommate Todd Longwell saw the film and declares it both boring and "inaccurate." I decide to wait for the video.

body on that fateful day and determined, to a certain degree, his destiny. (I know... just go with it.) So anyway, in the continuation of this scene, Jim has some sort of trip in the middle of the song and imagines himself dancing as one with the Indians around the huge bonfire in front of this water temple with a few eager/naked extras joining in the fun. Unfortunately, it was getting late and Jim's kinky hallucinations would have to wait for another day.

Day Two:

After that first fourteen-hour shoot, our group had dwindled considerably and on the trip back to the fairgrounds we bestowed upon ourselves, the faithful and the brave, honorary flower-child names: Margie "Loaf," Miles "Yeast Infection...?", Gilbert "Seven Horses Running Over Low Hills" and me, "Tree River."

This second day blurred right into the first because we had had less than ten hours between leaving and coming back, but what does stick in my mind is that it was a sort of "all-acid effects" kind of day. We picked up where we had left before, with Jim imagining that he is dancin' with the Indians. Being the multi-million dollar shoot that it was, they had real American Indians in full body paint dancing right along with the naked extras (Miles, Miles, Miles...) and, of course, the always leather-clad Jim. There had been some rain and I'm sure that the naked people were kind of pissed now that they were only getting \$25, but I guess that's show business. Eventually we all joined in on the big bonfire dance and I'm more than a bit curious to see that. Even more curious will be the "Big Indian-Head Effect" where, from what we heard, Jim looks to the part of the audience sitting on the hill (who had been mixed in amongst the wooden cut-out "people" used to fill in the crowd) and sees them transform into the face of an Indian. Hmm... yeah. They shot both these sequences with the fancy ILM (Industrial Light and Magic) cameras, so I would expect a pretty groovy effect but, well, "groovy" can be overrated.

The best part about this day was talking with some of the crew. I spoke with a man named Greg who was doing effects (smoke and stuff), but works regularly for the television show "Midnight Caller." I was kind of hoping that he would offer to get



me a PA job, but he was nice anyway and seemed like one of those real movie guys, with the beat-up jeans and baseball cap and lots of anecdotes and advice. And then there was Gary who was, I believe, the Property Manager and always made sure I got lots of cool things to throw on stage. And Joanne, who was real nice and funny but I'm not sure what her job was. She seemed to be some kind of

On Val Kilmer:

"Val is totally cuter than Jim Morrison!"

(She was later killed.)

"The stunt-double looks more like Jim."

cheese and claimed to have had to roll 10,000 fake joints at the last minute. (The glamorous world of the movies... Now I know why film students go to college.) She handed me a bunch of the joints to give out at my discretion, so I gave 'em to my friends and saved some to smoke. Some people thought that they were real and, ever the entrepreneur, Gilbert suggested that we sell them. We thought better of it, but it wouldn't be too wise to say here if I did or not, huh? Joanne tried to score Gilbert and I a cool Doors crew T-shirts, but they didn't seem to have any left, so we ended up having to buy our own T-shirts... for 10 bucks! Oy, vay! Ay, caramba!



Basically, the second day was the same as the first: Not to touch the Earth, not to see the Sun..., laminated sandwiches, and Miles' naked butt. We got home even later this time, about 7 or 8 am, and I was so dead and so glad that it was fun and now over, but—what's this? They need more extras for the Warfield Theater shoot? I'm there!

Day Three:

This shoot wasn't until the next day, so at least we got some sleep. Gilbert, Mike, and I all signed up and there were only about three-hundred extras on this shoot. We had to meet at the building across from the Warfield for wardrobe, hair, and makeup at 6:00 am. Mike and I got some snacks at the donut shop and rode the train downtown dressed in those stupid clothes, but we live in San Francisco so nobody said anything. Once inside the theater, we

had to wait what would turn out to be a long and scary time in the lobby while they were still preparing for the shoot. As I leaned against the wall talking with Mike about who we would have cast as Jim ("How about

Michael Caine?"), a man approached us and said "Hi" to me. He said that it was good to see me again and asked if the heart on my left cheek was a little bigger than it had been the day before and hadn't they written the word "peace" out on my other cheek the first day? I recognized him as an overly friendly man from the first day, but found his memory for detail quite frightening and amazing.

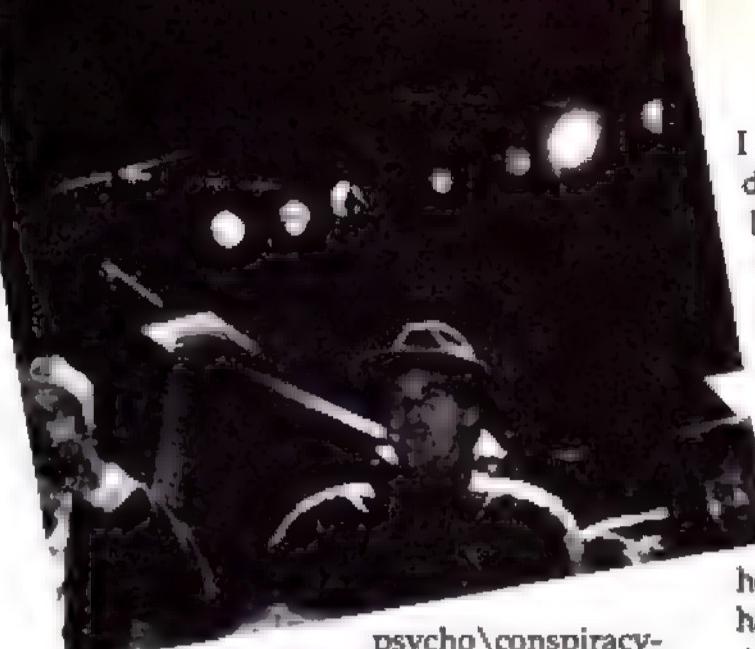
He spoke non-stop, somehow turning the conversation around to the mysterious incidents surrounding Jim Morrison's death and how obvious it was that the Government was in on it. It took me a second or two to realize that the man only looked normal and that he was most surely deranged. In all my wisdom, all I could think of to say was, "Do you realize that you are completely nuts?" Yep, a braintrust, that's me, that's me all over. Luckily, he didn't realize he was nuts and didn't take offense. That's when he began with, "Oh, yeah, they do that all the time—look at John Lennon." I again exhibited my brilliance by saying "What do you mean?" Mean? What follows is what I remember of the theory of one Steven Lightfoot about the assassination of John Lennon:

Stephen King did it. The

Government had been keeping files on Lennon and when King went to the CIA and asked if he could shoot Mr. Lennon, they said "yes" because he was working for them. King's job as the most popular writer of American fiction was supposed to be keeping the masses in line by manipulating their minds through his books, a job he didn't mind doing because that was his intention anyway.

I asked Lightfoot if he was saying that King actually walked up to John Lennon and pulled the trigger. He said "yes." He then explained that the Reagan Administration was in on it from the start and that his proof of all this was in a magazine ad (Life, I think), in a secret code that he had deciphered. He said it was all part of a larger plan and that, sooner or later, they would want to kill him, too, for all the information he had. He said that Yoko knew about it and took it as proof that when he went to her art gallery opening she wouldn't speak with him about it. As a matter of fact, her bodyguards restrained him from trying to approach her. More proof. I asked if he ever thought that she wouldn't talk to him because he's a loony. He smiled at my naivete. I asked about Mark David Chapman and he said that the Government had worked out a deal with him — wherein he wouldn't have to serve hard prison time for a crime he didn't commit and that they would set him up in a nice, cushy mental facility. I wanted to ask if he ever considered that kind of cushy life for himself, but figured that I'd be pushing my luck. (Note: On Friday, February 1st, an unidentified San Francisco caller phoned the Larry King radio show and interrupted a serious discussion about the Middle East Crisis to expose the "CIA-Stephen King-Lennon Assassination Conspiracy." Larry quickly hung up on him. More proof?)

After finally dodging



On Oliver Stone:

"Geez, he looks like such an aristocrat, a blue-blood."

"Really? I thought he looked more like a quarry worker."

supposed to look out and see that everybody except him is in slow motion. Then Floyd Red Crow comes onto the stage and dances with him to the live version of "Roadhouse Blues" until they both start being lifted into the air as though they were flying. I dunno...

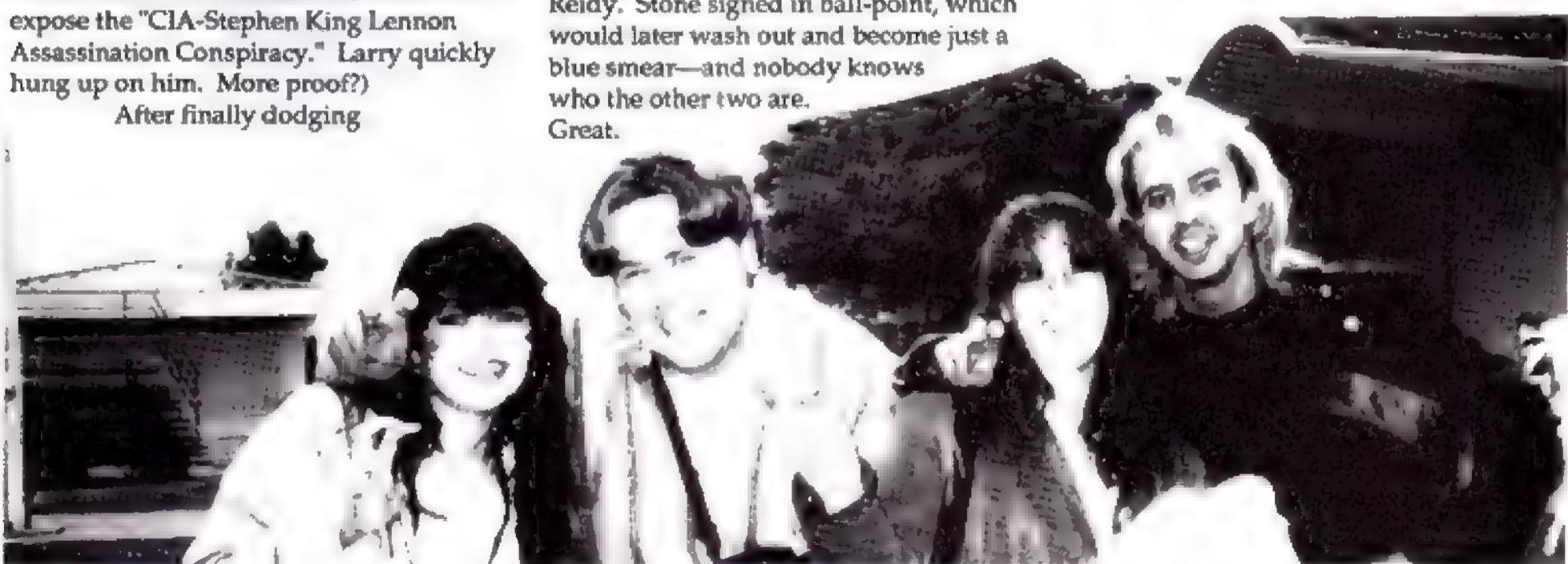
The funniest thing about this day was how blasé we all got about being around the actors. We were all close to the stage and the actors were just sitting there with people talking to them and it wasn't that big a deal. Gilbert and I got our shirts autographed, but like some big film nerd I only asked Oliver Stone, Robert Richardson (the DP), and Joe Reidy. Stone signed in ball-point, which would later wash out and become just a blue smear—and nobody knows who the other two are. Great.

I soon discovered that this was their wrap day. Kyle MacLachlan's main squeeze, Lara Flynn Boyle ("Twin Peaks"), showed up and so did Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, Val's wife. Ever alert, Gilbert noticed Meg Ryan, walked over to her and said: "Miss Ryan...Meg! Can I take your picture?" I'll never forget this because she looked so cute, just like in her movies. She wrinkled her petite little nose and then shook her head and said—"No." Maybe she was having a bad hair day like Robby/Frank. As for myself, I had had just about all I could take and I was starting to feel and smell a little too much like a hippie around the eighteenth hour. Like your average Dead-head.

On the way out of the Warfield, we realized that we were short a quarter between us for bus fare. It was two in the morning and we didn't know where we could go to get change. Suddenly, we saw Steven Lightfoot, the conspiracy-nut,

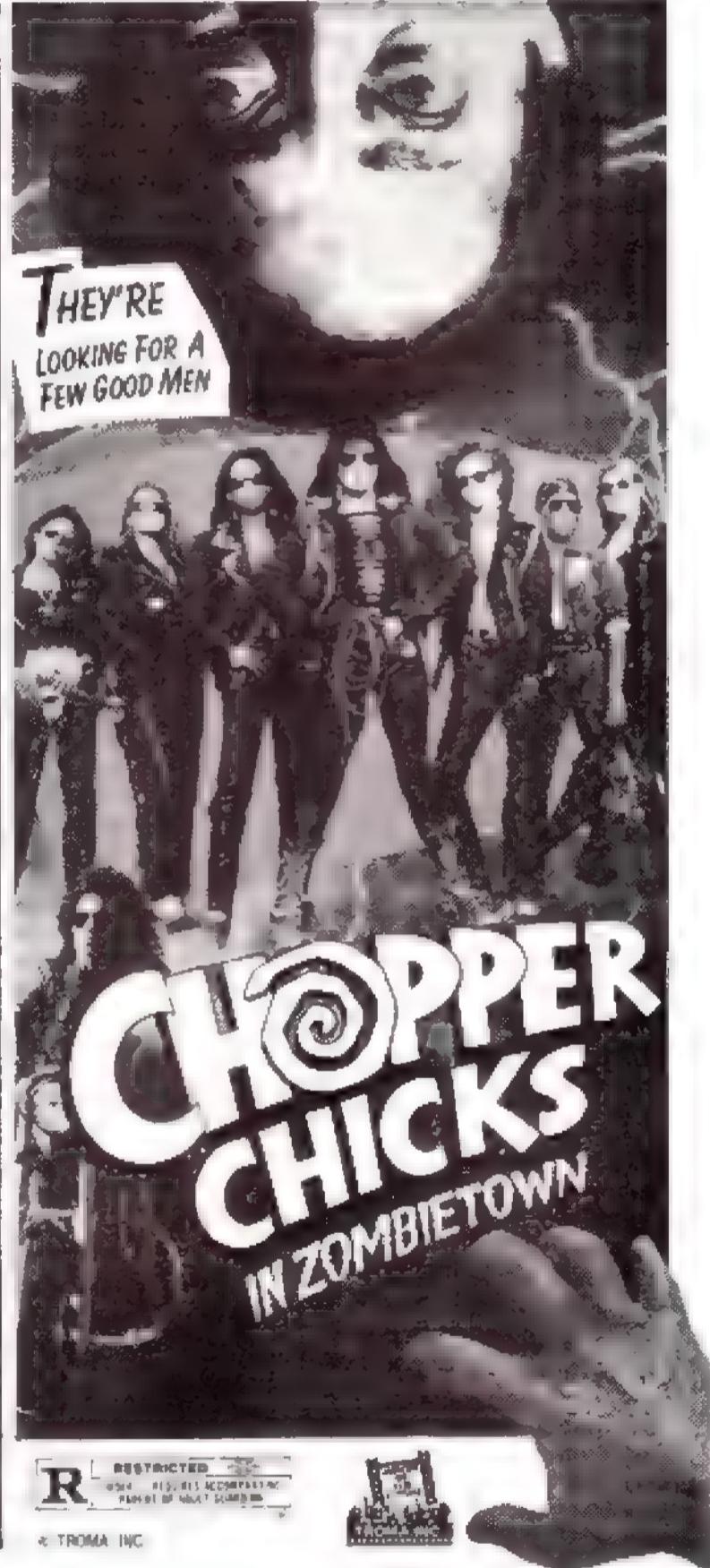
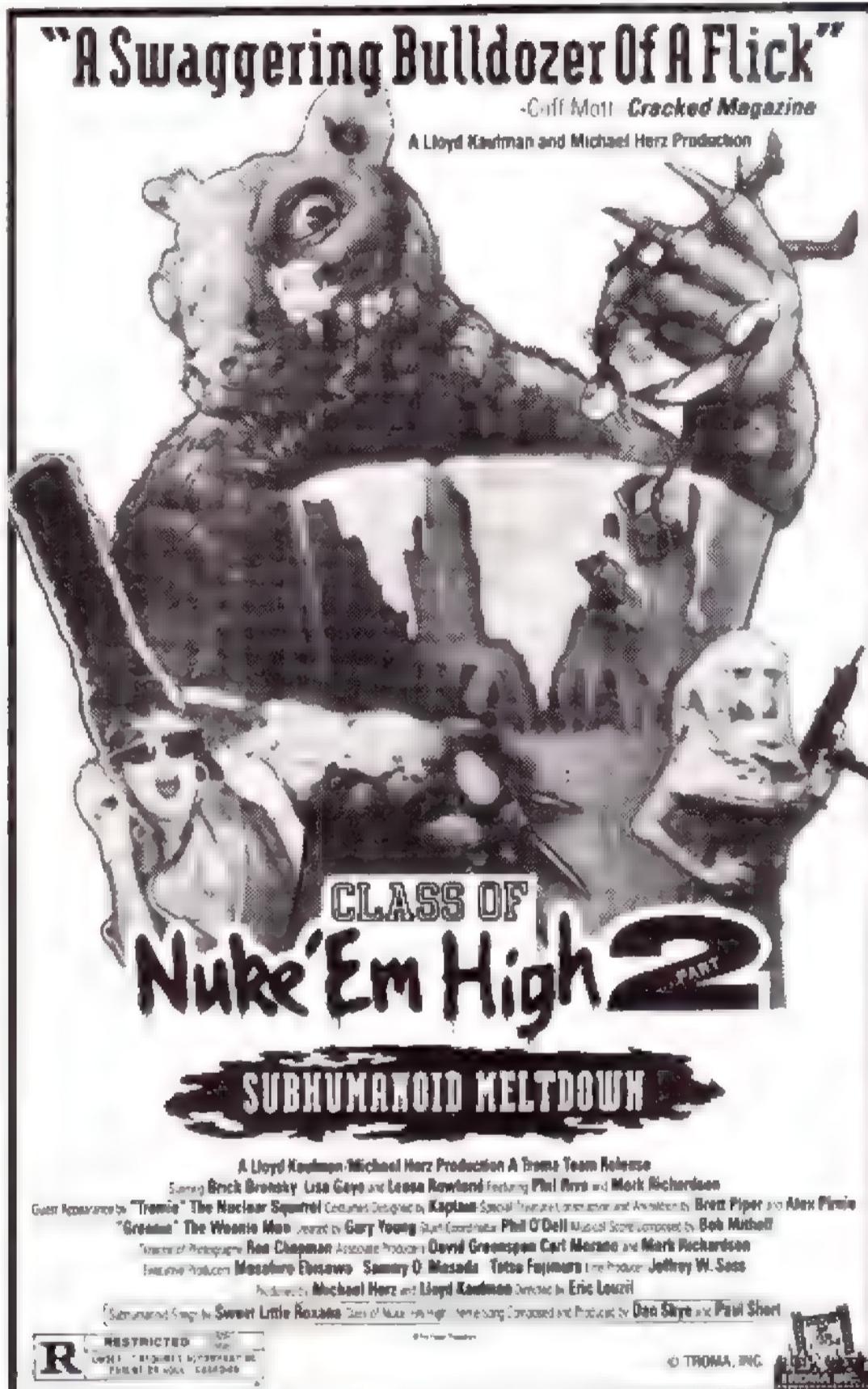
possible Larry King fan. Mike and Gilbert quickly coerced me into asking him for change and then called him over before I could get away. I asked him if he had a quarter and he said sure, "But can I get a hug on your cheek?" Well, I really needed the quarter (and his weird girlfriend was standing with him), so I let him hug me. When he pulled away I said "Look, you've got a heart-on!" I was referring to the paint on my cheek that had smudged onto his, but he looked down at his crotch. Ack! With that, we jumped on the bus; making an awkward escape and leaving behind our lives as hippies. *

Nothing left to do but run, run, run. Let's run, run, run...

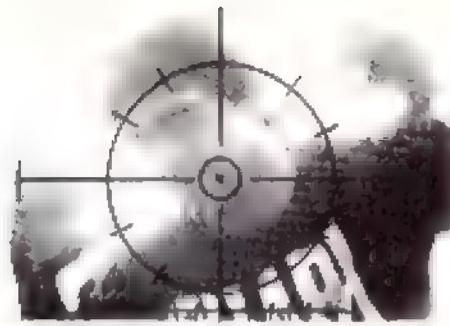


TROMATIZED

LET'S GET BUSY!!!



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KNOW THE ENEMY

In the secretive world of major motion picture production, there are many times when a name is much more recognizable than any face. This should not be the case. You should be able to spot them if you ever meet them in a dark alley. When they are alone. This installment features Roger Ebert and Gene Siskel, though not being filmmakers themselves, their show reaches millions of uninformed, weak-willed minds. They "help" people decide what to see.

Siskel and Ebert



GENE SISKEL



ROGER EBERT

A Chicago native, Siskel graduated from Yale with a B.A. in philosophy. He joined the Chicago Tribune in 1969, becoming the paper's film critic only 7 months later - a title he would hold for the next 17 years. In 1978, Siskel received an Emmy for his work as host of "Nightwatch," a series focusing on independent film and video.

A native of Urbana, Illinois, Ebert graduated from the University of Illinois in 1964; while there, he was the editor of the campus paper. Notably, he co-wrote *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* (1970) with D-cup director Russ Meyer. Ebert is the only film critic to win the Pulitzer Prize, a fact which he childishly lords over Siskel's head. While more pompous than his partner, Ebert does contribute time and energy to such important issues as film restoration and colorization, and was a vociferous

proponent of the new NC-17 rating. (Okay, so Siskel does those things too.)

Spawned at Chi-town PBS affiliate WTTW in 1975, their program began as the humbly (yet clumsily) titled "Opening Soon At a Theater Near You." Gradually, the show changed, becoming "Sneak Previews" in 1978, "At the Movies" when they sold out in 1982 (leaving PBS behind), and "Siskel & Ebert At The Movies" when they finally arrived at Disney in 1986. The pair were among the first broadcasters initiated into the National Association of Television Programming Executives Hall of Fame in 1984. Interestingly, the "At The Movies" portion of the title was later dropped, implying that they (and their monotonous ramblings/prepubescent insults posing as mature or insightful film analysis) may be more interesting or important than the films they discuss. *

HOW TO FREAK THEM OUT

- (1) Call their mutual agent and ask if Ebert gets more dough in light of his shiny Pulitzer Prize. (312) 321-9700
- (2) Send Roger a year's supply of Ultra-Slimfast. 509 Dickens St. Chicago, IL 60614
 - (2A) Send a double-cheese pizza.
- (3) Call Gene on the day the Pulitzer is announced (April 7th) and ask if he got one. (312) 222-3232
 - (3A) Send a card with your condolences. Chicago Tribune, 435 N. Michigan Ave, Chicago, 60611
- (4) Call Disney CEO Michael Eisner and tell him you're going to expose "Siskel & Ebert" as the flimsy payola sham that it is! (818) 560-5050.



Artfrenzy

In San Francisco, the Theatre Concrete snaps its cap over oppression, stupidity and ego.

Interview by Dave Williams

Despite the overtly bleak and powerful images brought to life in his revolutionary video *Feeding Frenzy*, painter/sculptor/videomaker Frank Garvey is by no means the frightening or imposing figure one might expect. Late-thirtysomething, Chicago-born and soft-spoken, he introduces himself with a warm handshake and a smile as I arrive at the Morphos Gallery. Home of the Theatre Concrete, a band of renegade multi-media artists devoted to toppling the status quo, the gallery is located within spitting distance of the San Francisco City Hall and Museum of Modern Art. Clean and well-lit, making clear the paintings that cover the walls and sculptures that fill the floor space, the space also serves as Frank's living quarters and bone collection depository. He invites me to look around before we talk. I do.

Everybody has to hustle to make a living.

Eschewing the topicality of many political/social artists, the renderings provide symbolic or epic representations of specific ideals. Hunger. Greed. Despair. Love. No tastelessly simple characterizations of George Bush or Jesse Helms here. And without these

constraints, the collection achieves a timeless quality—one that thrives on meaning rather than subject.

THE PAINTINGS—Most are horrific landscapes, detailed to an obsessed extreme as if by some post-Reagan Hieronymus Bosch; populated by grotesque figures struggling with clubs and knives gripped in claw-like hands. Pain, oppression and violent revolution are the main themes as the canvases explode with the deep blood-reds and incendiary yellows of flames and gore.

THE SCULPTURES—Filling the room, twisted and torn plaster bodies are threatened by viciously rotating blades, bound in chains and assimilated with machines in perverse knots. Others lurk, stooped and bent in

soundless screams. They are the same characters found

in the paintings—life sized, with gaping mouths and sharp teeth—soulless, yet angry.

THE VIDEOS—Blaring from large, strategically positioned monitors, Garvey's *Feeding Frenzy* images lend a time-based dimension to the already surreal environment. Lost urban souls and disenfranchised youth weave through an industrial horror-world of broken glass,

I don't think filmmaking is a collaboration, it's always one focused vision.

hypodermics and prostitution. Illusion, depression and hallucination. All accompanied by the droning rumbles and piercing shrieks of the soundtrack. They are unwatchable, yet compelling.

It's pretty obvious these guys don't go out for pizza and beer too often.

Suddenly, Garvey reappears, not looking quite so innocent anymore.

Are you the one responsible for the bulk of the work?

I did the paintings, the sculpture and the environment here in the gallery, and I direct and write the videos. But everything here is a group effort, in the sense of the actors, musicians and technicians. I just work as the focus of the group. It's not a collaboration in the sense that there's a group that's responsible for the material. There's one vision, and I think that's how successful work comes about. I don't think filmmaking is a collaboration, it's always one focused vision.

Someone to draw together the other elements.

Right. I mean, we're not at a time in history when you can get a group of people in a room who have a cultural level of development that's higher than the average. Times like that are so rare that they go down in history. There hasn't been one since say, Pablo Picasso, Diego Rivera and Stravinski were there in 1923.

Do you think the Bay Area is the best place to find something like that?

I don't know, maybe it is. But I would hope so, because that's where I am.

One of the first things that struck me about the exhibit is the facelessness of all the characters. Not a smooth or blank facelessness, but a more ravaged or ruined look. With the exception of some urban archetypes; street people, punks, prostitutes, they have a certain, defined identity.

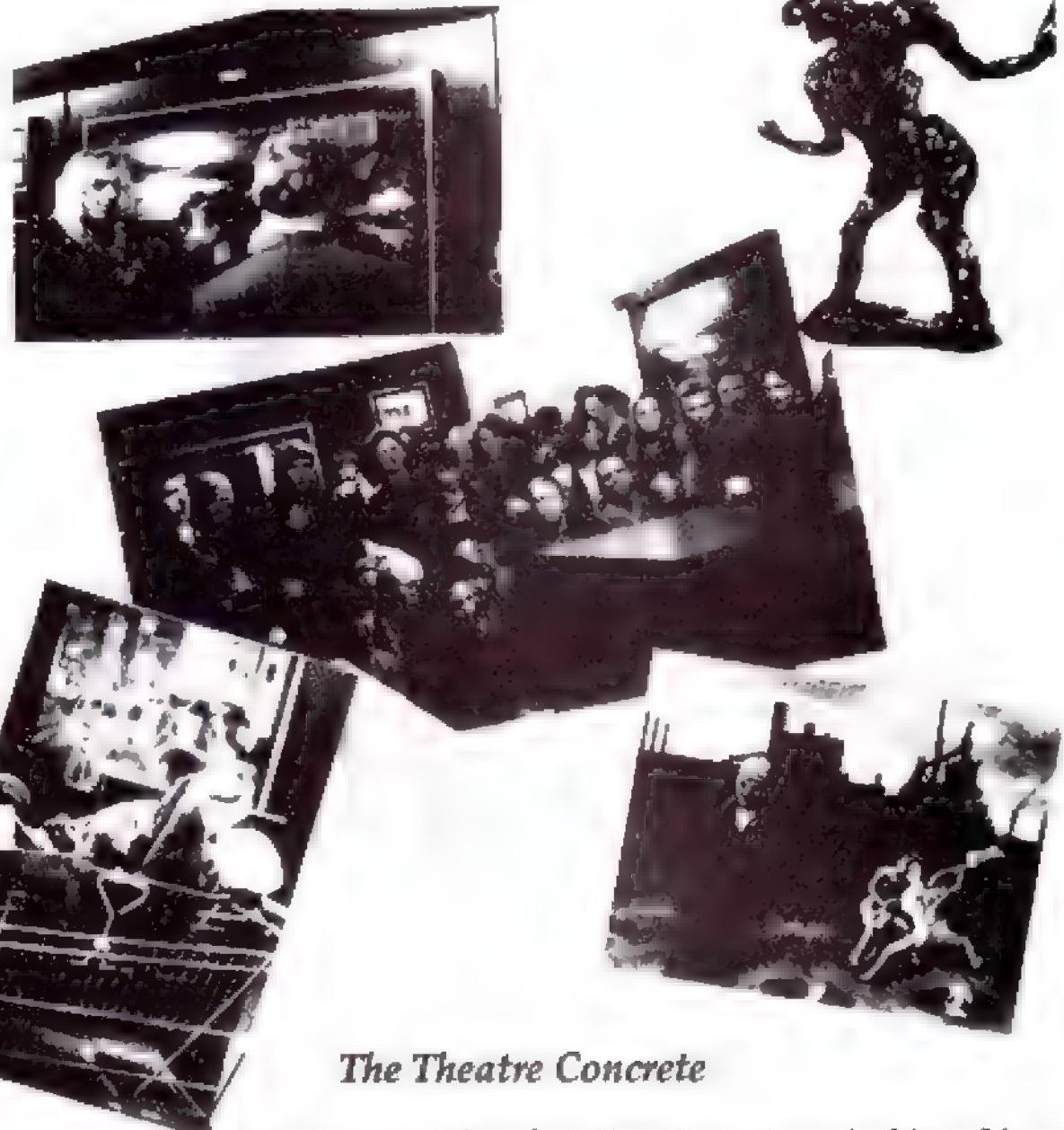
Generally I try to avoid that, just showing individuals as individuals. The age of the portrait has passed, but what I'm showing, in the paintings, sculpture and video, is a portrait of a society. The "face" pops up occasionally, I'm

When you strip the surface away, everyone's pain resembles everyone else's.

everyone look like they're working properly.

But the scenes that you overlay with these aliens aren't very real themselves. Broken down factories, cross burnings, red light districts, these places exist, but are already what I'd consider aberrations.

I hardly have to do anything to bring out the surrealism in



The Theatre Concrete

not even sure when, but it's not a systematic thing. It's not too specific, but generally I'm dealing with how people are feeling. A lot of times, when you strip the surface away, everyone's pain resembles everyone else's.

The alien characters, the pod-people for instance, are more real than what's going on around them. What does that have to do with our society?

It's alternative, but it might be the emotional reality that's there all the time. What's alien is that it's being shown. What we're used to looking at is a society where

everything seems to be working fine on the surface. That's the way our culture is set up, to make everything and

FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE

some of them. [Laughs] But they may be places where the stress lines are showing through. I like places and people and events that underline reality. There's a neighborhood in every city in America where the sexual exploitation of women is concrete, visible. The red light district. But what people don't want to think about is that it symbolizes something that goes on everywhere, whether it's a well-dressed wife or the most degraded stripper. Everybody has to hustle to make a living.

Are you planning videos about each one of the paintings here?

All except for this one. [He points to a large canvas depicting a gang of mutants doing battle with torches in hand—rising against oppression.] Audiences don't have to see this, it's just a lie. One of those fake happy endings. When you see that in a theatre, people liberating themselves in the film environment, there's a danger that the audience will walk out of there all smug and happy as if their problems have all been solved. The audience really has to do that for themselves. They have to go out in the streets and do something, then maybe we'll shoot that one. Only the people can stage that one. But with what's going on right now—the protests against the Gulf situation—we've been doing some shooting, so I'm encouraged.

In Feeding Frenzy, there's a lot of drama and interaction between the characters, even though they don't have much identity. There's a storyline and structure, albeit surrealistic. Do you like the narrative form?

Well, that tape is really just an introduction to a 10-hour video novel. An electronic novel. The real story doesn't even start until the next tape. We have a structure like any novel does. Like Moby Dick. There's the main story of chasing the whales, which is not that interesting, but there are the other branches, the tales and stories about stories that lead into completely different material yet still add psychological information, character information, whatever. That's what we're trying to do in these videos, and I believe that video cassettes make this electronic novelistic complexity possible for the first time. Truly complex as opposed to the fake complexity in the stuff that you get on a TV mini-series, which are usually praised if relatively true to the original novel. As if it were some kind of an accomplishment.

Is there room in this ugly vision for love?



Frank

"Sometimes our human needs are utilized as part of the mechanism of entrapment."

Well, it can be like opening another trap door sometimes. Sometimes our human needs are utilized as part of the mechanism of entrapment. In other words, everyone needs to express his sexuality, so our society takes away your sexuality and sells it back to you. Either through marriage or pornography or whatever. Commodify sex and suddenly it becomes something you need to buy, whereas, in actual fact, it's something that's yours to give away in the first place. We're used to that kind of alienation, so we don't even question it when it happens with something like love. Just like with all the other basic needs; shelter, food, intellectual stimulation, artistic expression, all the things that people need to be human.

It must be a real luxury to be able to do art.

Anything that gets accomplished in that sense is a group effort. There couldn't be a Theatre Concrete unless there were people who perceived this kind of work to be another movement. A serious direction, not a movement in the terms of Frank Garvey's personal art which they are helping with.

Or personal agenda?

Which would be a form of self-negation, which would be like a cult of some kind. The people involved with working with me are more likely to toss me in a mud puddle than they are to deface themselves, so they see it at one level or another. It's one thing we have in common, as a cultural expression of a class of people who are usually disappeared. And they stay with it for that reason.

Do you think there's anything dangerous about working in a group that has a single sociological agenda, without a dissenting voice?

One thing is that I don't know the group's politics. I make a point of not asking and not talking about it myself. We're not a political group. Obviously there is a basic point of view that we share, but there's really only two sides to the issue. Either America's really like this [sweeping his hand across the room], or else it's not. And then I'm a nut, because it can only come from my cracked brain if it doesn't come from some external reality. And if I'm a nut, why would someone help? No one has to. In fact, confusing political and cultural ideas is a mistake made by a lot of so-called political artists. And when they confuse the two, they usually come to the conclusion that all they have to do is oppose the establishment, be politically correct. And that's just not enough.

You don't use many references to specific events or people, with

exception to such things as the Klu Klux Klan.

I don't like to be pinned down to a particular time or place, because if you're too topical you'll be dead next month when the topic changes. Whereas these "topics" will not be dead next month, because the unequal power relationship that all of these problems flow from will still be around. They could have appeared in any time during the last 6,000 years. Occasionally, specific events are referred to, but only if they have a certain resonance. If they can be used in a symbolic way to represent other events. [He points to a small painting depicting the Jonestown mass suicide.] This one, for instance, we don't call "Jonestown." That may be what it is, but there have been many mass suicides over the last hundreds of years. Including the one going on in the Middle East right now. So everything has to have this super-historical reference. We're not opposed to specifics, but they have to have the potential to cross over into history.

The video really has a sense of "no time."

It could be any industrial society, anytime since 1850.

Do you find it more challenging to work in video with ideas like this, as opposed to painting?

Oh, much more. Video is a combination of all the art forms, or, as I should say, musical-drama is, in that video is just a way to store the work. Music is very important to me, I composed the music in the work, so it's as important as anything else. The literary quality of the dialogue and the story, it's all included in that.

Despite your reservations about the modern world, it's obvious that you aren't adverse to working with technology.

Not at all.

Interestingly, much of your work has an intentionally primitive look. Not poorly done, but simple in their basic emotions and themes.

I think the primeval is the area where all the important things happen. When you really get down to it, there are only two real emotions, love and fear. And that comes from the fact that there's only two things the body can feel, pleasure and pain. Which comes down to life and death. All the other emotions are just different relationships between those two basics, at different levels of intensity. Everything that obscures that fact also obscures what needs to be done. For instance, there's a time for unvarnished rage if it's the only solution to the threat of annihilation of the human race. Then it's a healthy thing.

People are taught to avoid these basic things because we're expected to be in denial our whole lives.

People are taught to avoid these basic things because we're expected to be in denial our whole lives. We're emotional tourists with our bags packed, ready to leave. Our whole lives are spent waiting for things to be solved, to find ourselves on

the "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" because we cracked the code to become famous in Hollywood or win the lottery somehow. We're all just sitting around waiting, and the few people who do get there are the mechanisms that spring the trap. They're the bait.

And why's that?

Because we've given away all our power from the start. •

While Frank and the Theatre Concrete continue to work on their 10-hour epic, the first installment, *Feeding Frenzy*, is available through Film Threat Video.

OPENING NIGHT

My roommate Mike and I ventured into San Francisco's Tenderloin to maybe get mugged and to take some pics of the opening of Theatre Concrete's new show at the Morphos Gallery. From my past experience with the group's work, I expected androgynous-looking dancers to be slithering amongst us wearing nothing but gold lamé cones on their genitalia and a bit o' body paint but, alas, no such luck. What I did find there, however, were those trademark oil paintings, depicting amorphous mutated bodies and writhing sack people painted in the colors and carnivalesque nightmares of working class America. The artist of the group is one Frank Garvey, a very serious and attractive young/old man who, along with the other members of Theatre Concrete, has taken it upon himself to try and call for revolution in America.

"Cheez whiz, Frank, do you ever lighten up?" I asked, to which he answered that he wasn't into "escapist entertainment." Fair enough.

Mr. Garvey is indeed noble and talented and either too charismatic, crazy, or correct to be called arrogant, at least by me.

Even if you're not into the movement, the work is provocative and you can't beat the price of admission—free. If you're in San Francisco, it's worth checking out because who knows? These people just may turn out to be one of those obsessive, paranoid, radical groups that just happens to be right. Also, for any of you out there with a bit of extra change burning a hole in your pocket, you can own the entire exhibit, to be sold in one piece for the bargain price of \$150,000.

—Corey Sienega

ORIENTAL CINEMA



ORIENTAL CINEMA (A.K.A. **ORIENTAL CINEMA AND VIDEO**), is one hell of a fanzine! Where else can you read about and laugh at wild and crazy stuff like: modern action thrillers of Hong Kong, fantasies, historic medieval epics, giant monsters, Chinese horror flicks, Japanese superheroes, maybe a trendy cartoon or two, chop sockey kung fu farces, and even obscure films from the Philippines? **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?** No, I don't think so. **O.C.** covers all sorts of Far Eastern movies and TV shows, whether you're into Bruce Lee, Godzilla, Jackie Chan, the Monkey King, Ultraman, Sonny Chiba, or the Karate Riders, you'll get a kick (no pun intended) out of **O.C.** This informative yet humorous publication offers everything you ever wanted to know about Asian films but were afraid to ask, or maybe you were too shy or embarrassed, or perhaps you were from a family of rednecks who hated foreigners and their films so you kept your interest in these flicks to yourself. Each issue of this entirely non-profit, non-professional magazine is sold for a whoppin' \$5.00, to try and cover the cost of printing, researching, translating, stapling, folding, price of envelopes, ink to write your address, etc. The editor is Damon Foster, and if you send him five bucks, he'll so kindly send you a copy of his combination of depression, controversy, vulgarity, egotism, sarcasm, and good old humor; that one-of-a-kind fanzine known as **ORIENTAL CINEMA**. So if you've got the guts to try something different.....

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MEXICAN (IN SPANISH)

Ship of Monsters
Santo vs the Witches
Black Pit Dr. M
Mil Mascaras
Dr. Satan
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LAST ISSUE

America may be depressed, possessed and compressed, but none of those things hold a candle to being repressed like FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE was by our seemingly friendly neighbors in the Great White North, that is, Canada. We can't believe they'd consider us to be such a danger to national security. If you live in a particularly backwards corner of these U.S., such as Cincinnati, Ohio, you may understand our furor. Our anger. Our pride at having the very first issue of this publication stopped at the boarder by the red-clad Dudley Do-Rights that "protect" the sensitive eyes and ears of over 20 million utterly bored Canadians.

As of this time, the 1000 issues in question have not yet been returned to us. We hope someone is enjoying them.

THE 3 B'S OF GETTING BANNED

- a) Anal Penetration
 b) Other *Ban*

1 You can go into any strip bar in Toronto and have a young lady wiggle her butthole only two inches from your face for the price of a single Labatt's, but this still from Richard Kern's film *The Evil Camaraman* was too much for the censors.



- a) Incent Incite
 b) Obscenity Obscene

2 The film *Animal Attraction* gained a lot of attention after its premiere in Los Angeles (see the article in FT #22), but an inquiry from the District Attorney's office proved it to be completely legal. Offensive, but legal.



Classification (Memorandum D9-11)

- a) Sex With Minors
Violence assault
 b) Child Sex
Pedophelia enticement

3 Ouch! This one hurt the most! Oddly, the innocent blurb "children's videos" on the back cover came under the harsh scrutiny of the misguided boarder cops. We had planned a piece on CARTOONS, not pedophilia!



BONDAGE?

BESTIALITY?

BABIES?



What The HELL Happened to



?

by Rich Feren

Although the splendor of the short-lived *FILM THREAT* RADIO show was relegated to only a few college and alternative stations, tech-wiz/host Rich Feren was proud of what he had accomplished. The weekly half-hour magazine-format program was produced at CFRU-FM studios at the University of Guelph, Canada in conjunction with *FILM THREAT* editor/publisher Chris Gore, and featured an amusingly innovative montage of video reviews, rare movie soundtracks, film news and interviews.

Unfortunately, the "forces-that-be" at CFRU-FM decided that the show was in poor taste, and had it cancelled. *CENSORED*.

This statement concerning this unfortunate event, submitted by Rich, was printed in *The Peak*, a campus publication "edited" by a certain Ms. Nicole Seguin. In her opening editorial, which was, by the way, somewhat pedestrian and pointlessly politically correct, she expressed her dismay over Rich's opinions concerning the unjust demise of *FILM THREAT* RADIO. Here are some excerpts:

"Freedom of speech...we were faced with a submission that many

regarded as libelous, negative and anti-feminist. After much kerfuffle and that nasty evil word censorship was bounced around, we, the summer collective, decided to run this lawyer edited version....the conflict in 'journalistic ideology' remains. One 'side' claims that anything goes, even if it is sexist racist, or homophobic and that to deny these people a voice would be censorship. The 'other' side...toting that not only should we not print sexist, racist, or homophobic material, but also promote the views of groups fighting against oppression...I don't want to give racists a vote. I don't want to give anti-feminists a voice. I don't want to promote hatred toward other people. Call me crazy! And yes, that is censorship, but unlike the paper itself, the issue of censorship is not completely black and white."

Obviously we aren't dealing with any brain-trust.

Here is Rich's statement intact, as he wrote it. The contents excised by Ms. Seguin and her "kerfuffled" staff are in bold italics.

A GIANT STEP BACKWARDS by Richard Feren

Q: How many feminists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Only one...AND IT'S NOT FUNNY!!!

It's extremely ironic that so many people crusading for social change turn out to be just as intolerant and narrow-minded as the repressive factions they're trying to undermine. Particularly disturbing are certain strident strains of feminism that bear a frightening resemblance to Nazis: they're so convinced they're right that they're prepared to trample on the rights of those who don't conform to their rigidly dogmatic ideas of social propriety. Hey, the Jehovah's Witnesses are convinced that they're right too...same with the Moral



The Cover

Majority and the KKK. Any of these groups are welcome to believe what they like, but when they start fucking around with freedom of expression, they're going to get one hell of a fight from me.

A few years ago, I would never have thought of lumping feminists in with these redneck groups, but the point was really brought home to me with the cancellation of the FILM THREAT Radio Show, as well as the current idiotic campaign to recruit more female volunteers at CFRU-FM.

I began to develop the FILM THREAT Show about a year ago at CFRU, in conjunction with the satirical magazine from the USA. CFRU's station manager at the time, Monique Lanoix, liked the idea and encouraged me to develop the program. Incidentally, Monique happens to be a woman. However, I don't like to think of people in terms of their gender, so I prefer to perceive Monique as the finest station manager I've worked



Rich With Samantha Hughes and Kitten Natividad.

with in my ten years at the station. Strangely enough, the current, predominantly male management at CFRU nixed the show because it, as well as the magazine, was allegedly "degrading to women".

Several *vociferous* women were apparently offended at the cover of the magazine's latest issue: a cartoonish painting of filmmaker John Waters with actress Traci Lords over his knee, about to spank her bottom. Inside, a great deal of coverage was devoted to Waters' latest film, *Cry Baby*. These uptight women (none of whom had seen the film, apparently) decided that the painting "promoted violence against women". Anyone who actually bothered to read the articles inside would have found an interview with Traci Lords that treats her with respect, and should help her develop a respectable acting career, after she had abandoned the murky quagmire of the commercial porn industry. (By the way, both Waters and Lords personally love the painting.)

Many more complaints were put forth regarding both the radio show and the magazine, all of them founded on ignorance and oversensitivity. After the show's

cancellation, I held a forum on my weekly live program, and I even invited Karen Hutton-Bryce on the air to spout her own *neo-fascist* opinions. She claimed that certain media representing a white, male, heterosexual viewpoint should be suppressed in favor of other minority voices. She tried to back this up using guilt trips, irrelevant statistics, and the predictable invocation of Mark Lepine, as a substitute for rational arguments. Needless to say, I remained unimpressed. While there's no doubt in my mind that physical violence against women (or

people with the 'right' attitude here at CFRU" and said that I should be more "sensitive" to certain social groups. Well, take it from me, kids, you don't have to be "sensitive" to anyone. Say whatever you think is right!

fearful that talented people who just happen to be male might be overlooked in favor of females, just because the management mistakenly believes that the gender ratio should be 50-50. Equal access is one thing, equality in numbers is pointless.

If I've piqued your curiosity with this article, you can follow the arguments on my live show, "Satan Loves You", every Sunday night from 10pm-midnight on CFRU 93.3 FM. You, too, can get involved at the station, whether you're a man or a woman, by dropping by level two of the UC during office hours.

APPARENTLY, The Peak Established 1988

FOUND THE WORD "HOOTERS" OFFENSIVE.

anyone, for that matter) is a serious concern in our society, it is impossible to draw a valid cause-and-effect connection between this problem and media. I really don't believe that anyone has gone out and raped someone because they read FILM THREAT magazine.

In fact, FILM THREAT has promoted a variety of women filmmakers and actors who would be ignored by the mainstream media, and I tried to do the same on the show, featuring interviews with Alyce Wittenstein, Mink Stole, Kitten Natividad, and others. Unfortunately, the politically-correct pinheads at CFRU couldn't see past their left-wing-Nazi noses: News Director Craig Benjamin objected to the use of the word "hooters", among other things; and Program Director Mark MacLeod told me "we only want

(If you can believe it, Mark also said that it's OK for black people to make fun of white people, but not vice versa. Yeah right, Mark -- yo' mama!)

Now these misguided Dudley Do-Rights [people] are running a full-throttle campaign to attract more female volunteers to CFRU. Pardon me while I vomit. Ever heard of "reverse discrimination"? Evidently, it's the wave of the future. The fact is, we at CFRU need volunteers with creative ideas for radio, who are prepared to make the commitment to regular programming, whether they're male, female, or hermaphrodites. (Actually, we could really use some hermaphrodites!). Distinctions such as gender, race, and sexual orientation should not be a consideration when recruiting new volunteers, and I'm

"The old puritanism says it's obscene; the new puritanism says it's sexist. Step by step we advance further and further into gobbledegook."

-Robert Anton Wilson

Unfortunately for Rich, he failed to notice an interesting statement in The Peak's indicia, reading, "Submitted material may be edited or rejected if it contravenes [Canadian University Press] guidelines against discrimination."

Rich is currently plotting his escape from Guelph. *

**Don From
Lakewood**

a cult VIDEO

by

Pat Tierney & Eric Saks

In this tape you will follow the real (or unreal?) exploits of phone junkie, DON FROM LAKEWOOD, as he spends more than a year trying to buy a couch over the phone from a used furniture salesman.

"A Death of a Salesman in miniature"
-Manolis Dergis, Village Voice

"A classic. All 'Don From Lakewood' wants to do is buy a sofa for \$10 over the phone. Going beyond the realm of 'no budget', this effort succeeds on the strength of original, laugh producing situations. Shot with a Fisher Price camcorder (which provides haunting black and white, pixel-vision), this surreal collection of an elaborate series of prank phone calls is a hoot. It's a great 'how to' tape: how to do something great for nothing."

"Don is reasonably priced and one of the best underground videos we've ever seen!"

Rosely Yaten, Film Threat

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FLEENER



That Southern Sicko!

*North Carolina-based filmmaker
Tony Elwood spills his guts.*

Interview by Chris Gore

Tony Elwood is a nice southern boy from Charlotte, North Carolina. This nice boy loves to make films about serial killers who kill innocent people. Nice. Killer is Elwood's first feature, it's shot in Super 8 but the quality of the effects, direction and acting rivals its murderous 35mm competitors. Tony was in town to make a deal for another film and I wanted to find out why Southerners love to make films about slaughtering folks. I met Tony at a pretentiously swanky Beverly Hills restaurant where we both fantasized about how we might kill all the people in the room.

FTVG-Is Killer based on any specific serial murderer?

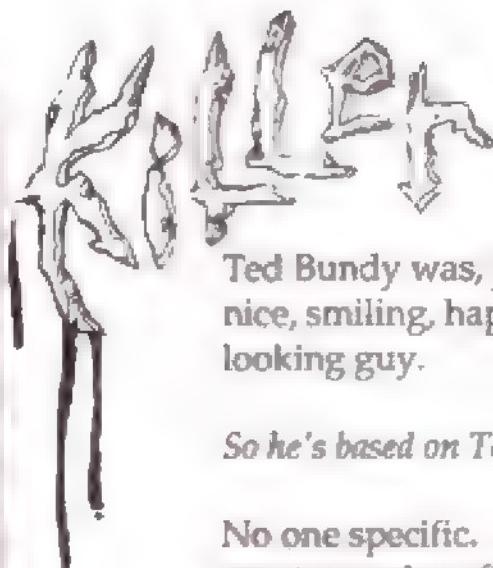
TE-My writing partner Mark Kimery and I decided to do a film about a serial killer because, well, Mark had done some reading on the subject. Mark likes that kind of stuff, not because he wants to be a serial killer,



but because it intrigues him to see how all of us have that potential, and we all think about it at one time or another. Did you ever want to go on a killing spree, just because you get so pissed off and want to go out with an axe and slaughter people? Well, the people who do do that are just like you and me, at least to a certain degree, like your Ted Bundy and those kinds of guys.

They're Republicans.

[Laughs] That has a lot to do with the kind of character we wanted to have in *Killer*, the kind of guy next door serial killer. Not your Henry [Lee Lucas] type who lives on a farm and feeds on human flesh. We just wanted a guy who had to vent his sexual frustrations going across the country and being very clever about it. One who would absorb the characteristics of the people he was with, making people trust him. I think that's how



Ted Bundy was, just this nice, smiling, happy-looking guy.

So he's based on Ted Bundy?

No one specific. I didn't want to make a film like *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*, which is based on a real mass murder. I decided we'd just make this someone up.

Are serial killers the heros for the 90s?

Well... there are some people who do it and get away with it. And the way this character is in the film, he does get away with it and he doesn't think anything about it. Because once you do it, you can do it a second time and it doesn't make any difference. After you kill the first time, it just becomes a question of "How can I do it differently now?" [pause] This sounds horrible doesn't it?

Your company, Electro Video, is producing more Super 8 features?

Right, we've got one that we're working on now that's a total comedy, sort of a takeoff on the old Japanese horror films. It's about this lab scientist in Tokyo who pours radioactive waste down a toilet and this turd comes to life and starts glowing and growing until it's the size of Godzilla.

I love Japanese monster movies. I've got a huge collection of Godzilla flicks!

I grew up on those.

And you're shooting it in North Carolina?

And that's what's going to be so ironic about this. A good friend of mine, Jeff Pillars, who has the mind of a madman, and I are writing this together. We also have a serious horror film that we're going to be doing in Super 8 also, in addition to a 16mm project that we have in the works.

So you're doing a build-up to bigger projects.

Right. If someone gave me \$600,000 to make a movie, I would. I'd be stupid to turn it down, but I'm not going to wait for that to happen. I'm going to continue making movies any way I can. That's what you've got to do. That's the most important thing. Some how you've got to be creative, you've got to get things done.

Whether it be in Super 8, video, or..

If you're going straight to video, you'd be foolish to shoot 16mm and basically get the same look you can get with Super 8. It's so expensive to shoot 16mm instead of Super 8 that it isn't cost effective.

That's the philosophy of a lot of Super 8 filmmakers. Just get it done.

Do it. Especially here in Los Angeles. I can go home right now and talk to 5 people in Charlotte, North Carolina, who are going to be making movies. Here they're all "wanna-be"s... they all "wanna" make a movie.

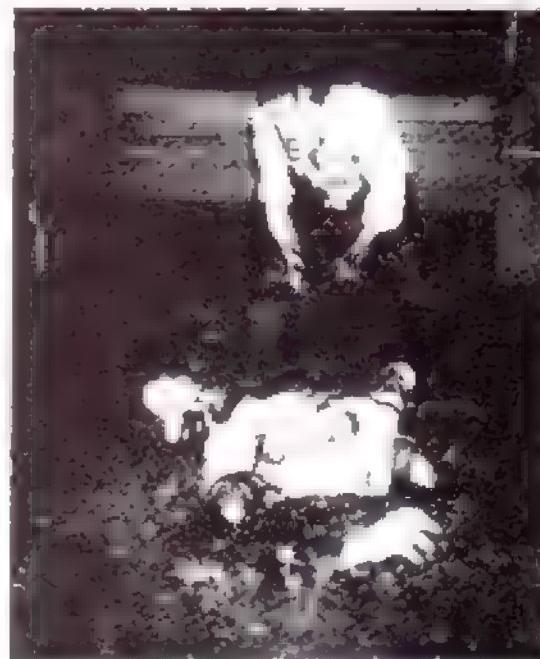
I've found that a lot of them are holding out, waiting for the million-dollar budget. Saying to themselves that they don't want to put in as much time and work that you'd have to on a low budget film.



Did you ever want to go on a killing spree, just because you get so pissed off and want to go out with an axe and slaughter people?



Especially here in Los Angeles. Here they're all "wanna-be"s... they all "wanna" make a movie.



If you're going straight to video, you'd be foolish to shoot 16mm and basically get the same look you can get with Super 8.

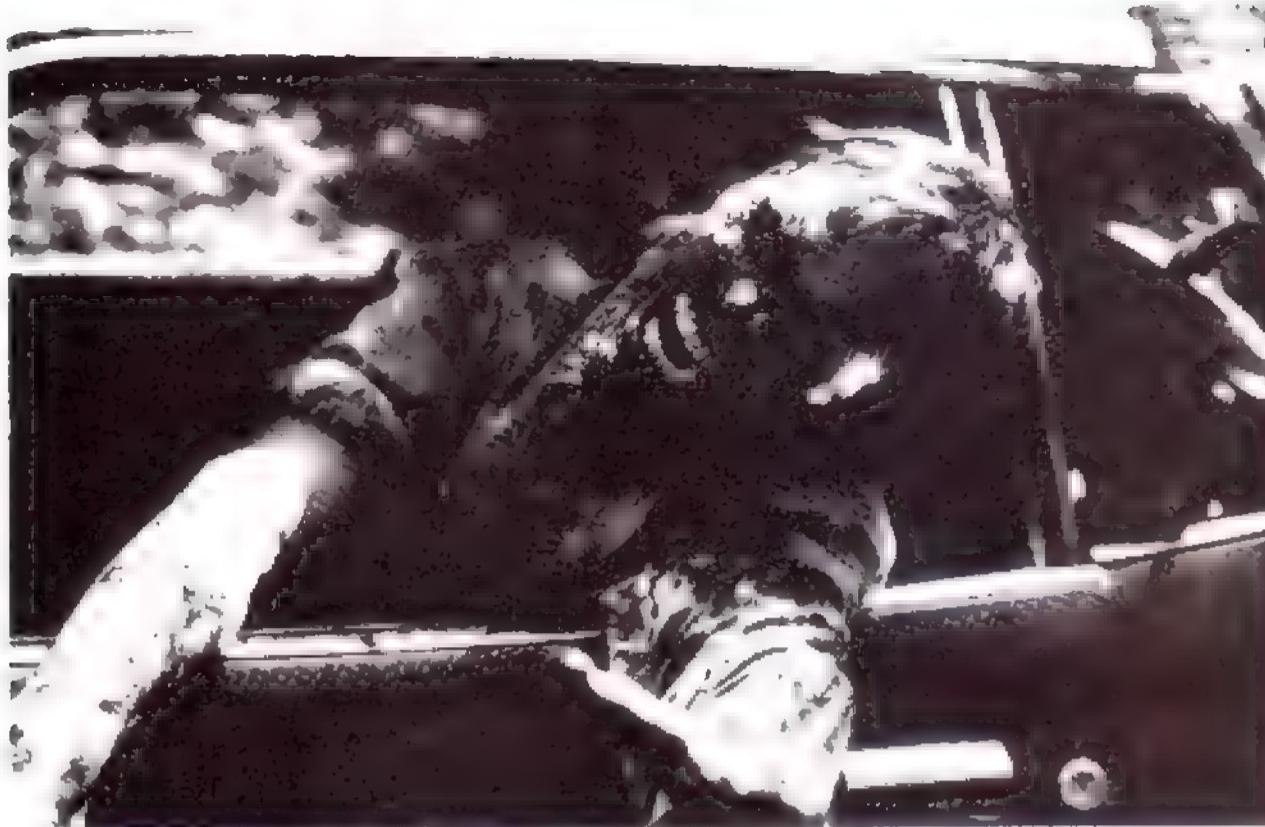
You've got to do it. And I'll tell you, time flies. Once you get past 23, something happens. I'm 28 and I've been making films since I was 9. I thought I was going to be a big director when I was 21. Look out Hollywood, here I come! People were always telling me that when I turned 21, people would respect me and my work. Well, I turned 21 and it didn't happen. Then people said I had to wait until I was 25. Well, that's not what it's about. It's about really doing it. You have to do what you say, you have to have credibility with your work, not your age. So waiting is just a waste of time, just a rationalization for not doing anything. We hope to make good films, and everybody should be trying to make good films, but we try to make sure we have some quality and some substance in whatever we do. That's what makes you credible.

Of all the Super 8 films I've watched, I'd have to say that the cinematography in Killer was the best I've ever seen. Did you have a light meter on the set?

[Laughs] No actually we didn't. Here's the way I look at it. We used two film stocks, Kodachrome 40 for daylight and Ektachrome 160 for our nighttime stuff. If you light it and it looks good through the lens, just set the exposure on automatic and shoot the thing.

Really?

I've used light meters on Super 8 before and lost a lot of footage. Things happen with them. Things go wrong. I've been in professional filmmaking for 11 years now, so I've seen how money has been saved and how money has been wasted. We made a feature for what Hollywood would spend on catering. I see so much waste. I would never want to be in a position with an actor who you'd have to pay just to use his name, just to make your movie "big" with his or her name. That's a waste. How could I work with him? Not



that he would make me feel like an asshole, but I've seen those kinds of people treat PA's like shit, and that really makes me sick. I learned a lot by working on an ABC series a couple years ago. How to move really fast and get the coverage you can with the time you have. After that was over, I went right into making *Killer*. We shot it in three weeks.

How did that come about?

I was sitting around waiting for the money to come through on another film and I was really bored, so I called up my buddy Tony Lockwood and said, we have got to make a movie, I'm going nuts! He asked me how cheaply we could do something, so I told him about Super 8. So, we had our lawyers work up some contracts to find out what the budget would be

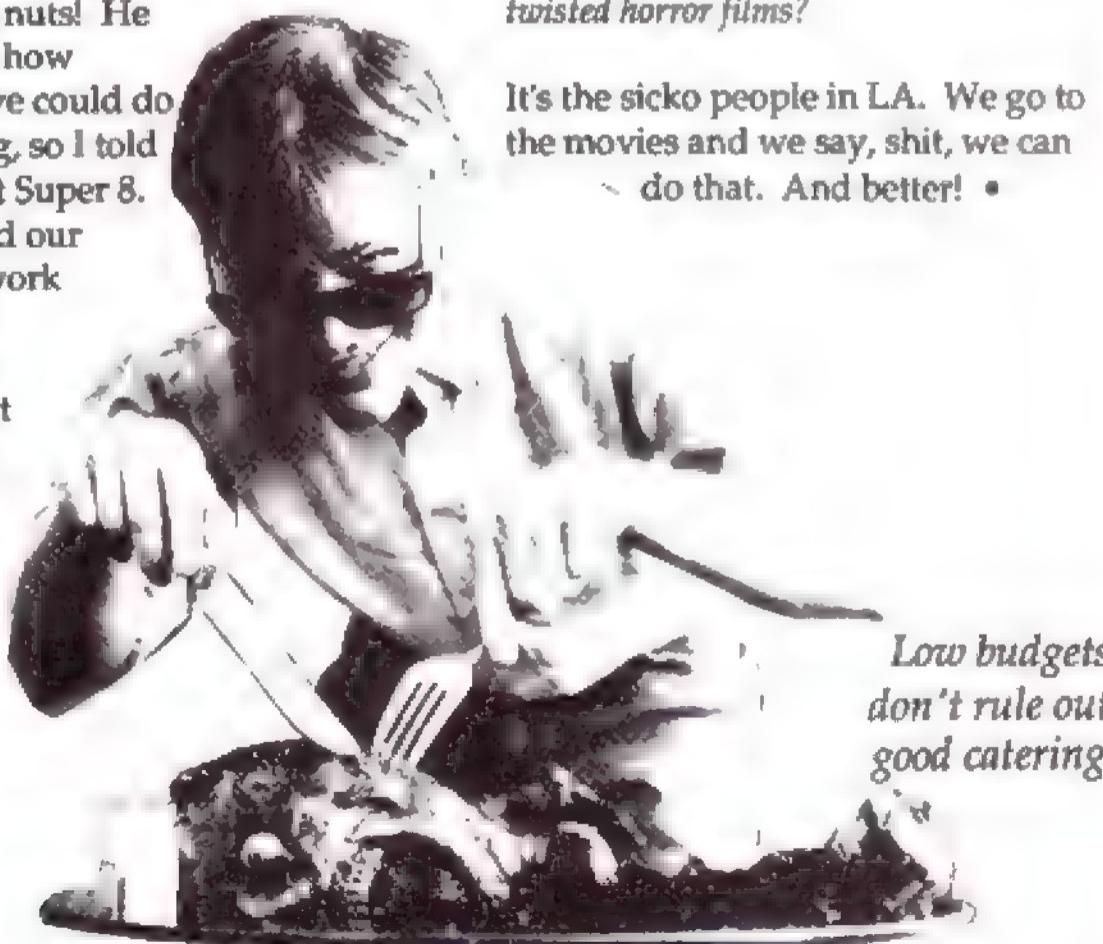
and just raised the money right there—in 15 minutes we had the budget raised by the lawyers right there in the firm.

*What was the budget on *Killer*?*

Nine thousand. And here we were without even a script and we already had the money. So Mark and I churned it out in three weeks, which really isn't enough time, but we had to get it done. It really takes 3 months to work up a script that's any good. You have to revise things over time.

So, what is it with you sicko guys from the South that always seem to make these twisted horror films?

It's the sicko people in L.A. We go to the movies and we say, shit, we can do that. And better! •



Low budgets don't rule out good catering.

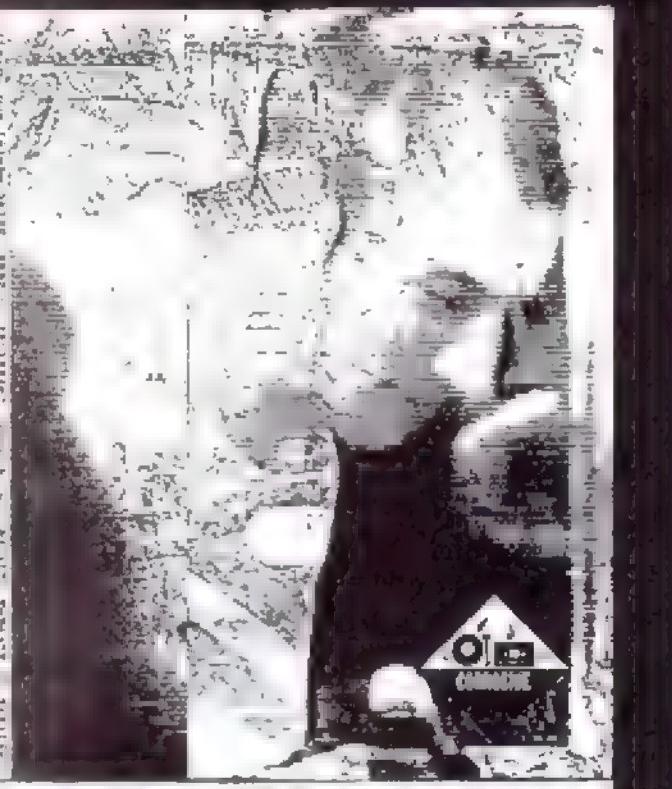
KILLER
Color/Super 8 /81 min.
FILM THREAT VIDEO

With an almost-anything-can-happen attitude and lack of budget, North Carolina native, producer/director Tony Elwood has managed to squeeze a slick feature out of a hoary script and an often shunned film gauge. While no *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*, this Super-8 effort is vastly superior to the numerous teen-kill flicks of past years. Despite a cliche-ridden story that meanders about with little direction and no "higher level" to enjoy (or ignore), *Killer* does manage to supply some genuine tension and suspense. Both charming and unnerving is Duke Ernsberger as the lead blood-letter, Burke. With his Oakie drawl, aviator shades and .38, he manages to do justice to some good lines and a character that could have come off as, well, dumb. Instead, he gives a spirited turn as a sociopath on the open road...just cruising through life and pausing to (that's right) kill some nubile teens, used car dealers and auto mechanics; the dregs of the Earth.

Though somewhat childish in its attempted use of splatter effects, which are limply executed at best, *Killer* does manage to capture a feeling for cold, close range violence. Most notable is the scene in which a particularly attractive jogger is dispatched: holding her almost gently, Burke passionately crushes his lips to hers in a dying kiss, blood welling from her mouth... GAK! Unfortunately, nice touches such as this are broken up by dreadful stretches of quasi-dramatic nonsense concerning a couple bonehead college-types and the eventual need to rescue a damsel in distress. Too bad. Stylish and well-shot (for what they were working with), *Killer* manages to go well beyond the norm. Tony knows horror.

—Dave Williams

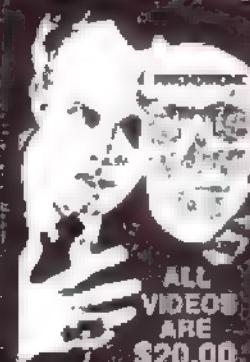
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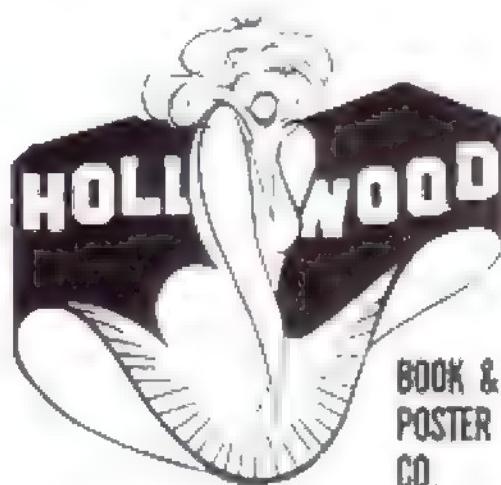
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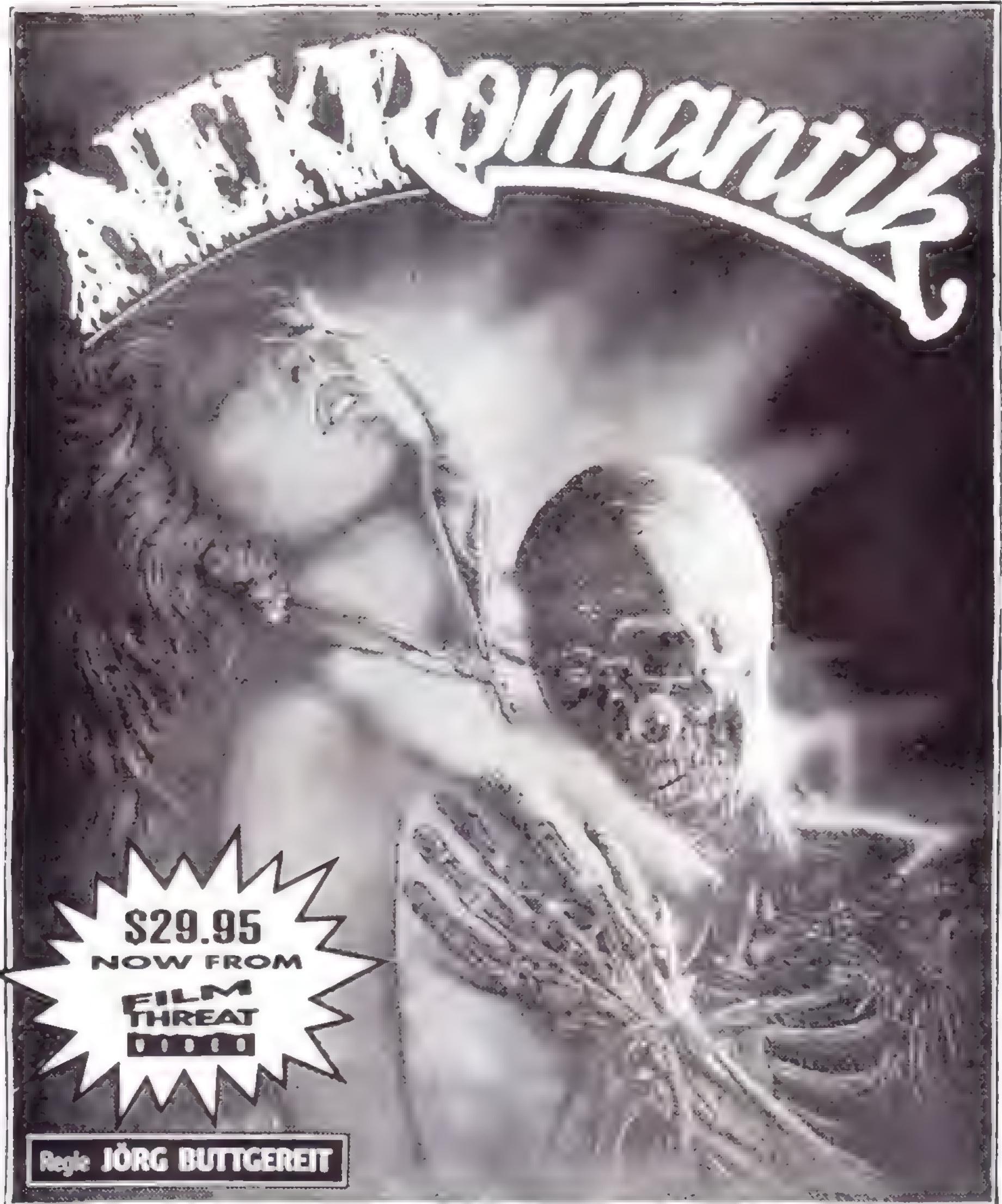


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Interview

BARNABAS COLLINS: Back from the Dead

But Jonathan Frid isn't.

Interview by Dean LaManna

Low ratings can scare off a television vampire quicker than garlic. But you can't keep a good bat down. Two decades after the demise of the Gothic soap opera "Dark Shadows," that suave, 175-year-old fangster Barnabas Collins and his clan have swooped back to TV.

Perhaps best remembered for its eerie music, creepy (if somewhat cheap) sets and blood-tinged suds, the groundbreaking 1960's soap was already enjoying a cult afterlife prior to NBC's primetime remake—thanks to a 20,000 member fan club and the release of all 1,225 episodes by MPI Home Video. More recently, the old shows began airing on the new Sci-Fi cable channel.

Executive producer Dan Curtis, who created the original in 1966 and saw it through five seasons, has clearly had his fill of "Dark Shadows"—just ask him why the saga was resurrected. "Well, a lot of people (namely, NBC chieftain Brandon Tartikoff) wanted it," he says impatiently. "I'm in the television business, so that's why it's back on."

Good enough. What then,



killed it the first time around? "Oh, you mean twenty years ago or whenever the hell it was?" Um, yeah. "We just ran out of steam. We couldn't think of another story. So, with a bad story, so go the ratings."

Curtis—who went on to better things like the highly acclaimed miniseries *The Winds of War* and *War and Remembrance*—should have known history has a way of repeating itself. Although the new hour-long "Dark Shadows" benefits from a bigger budget and an infusion of big names—including Ben Cross (*Chariots of Fire*) and two-time Oscar

winner Jean Simmons (*Guys and Dolls*, *Spartacus*) as matriarch Elizabeth Collins Stoddard—the story is cornier than ever and the ratings have, well, sucked.

What's worse, the character that was introduced to bolster the old soap's sagging viewership near the end of its first year has been with the new show since the outset: Barnabas Collins. Though admirably played by Cross, the lovelorn neck-ripper just doesn't have the same mixture of pathos, dread and dark appeal that Jonathan Frid brought to the role twenty-five years ago.

Frid, now 66, wasn't even asked to be a part of the new show—which is too bad, since his career hit a weak vein after the old show's cancellation in 1971. The Yale Drama School grad did a couple of big screen features (*House of Dark Shadows* and Oliver Stone's 1974 schlock debut *Seizure*) and some work off and on Broadway (Most notably in "*Arsenic and Old Lace*") before forming his own production company in 1986.

These days the gravelly-voiced Canadian actor, who makes his home in Manhattan, haunts college campuses and community theaters

around the country in a one-man show that includes readings from works as diverse as Shakespeare and Stephen King. Herewith he sinks his teeth into the "Dark Shadows" phenomenon, past and present.

FTVG-Were you disappointed that you weren't asked to appear in the new series?

JF-It was rumored that they wanted me to play Barnabas' father, but I was never approached. I've attended "Dark Shadows" fan festivals for the last eight or nine years, and people would always ask me if I would reprise the role if the series were revived. I doubted it would ever happen, so I would say that I'd want at least a million dollars or two to do it. And that's my answer now. I'd start with two million dollars, and I might come down to a million for a cameo. I mean, I'd want big money. I'm not going to do it for sentimental reasons. So I'm not surprised they didn't ask me to return.

Did you like the original show?

It was absurd. I thought it was perfectly dreadful. But I'm knocking myself more than the show. Some of my performances were so appallingly bad—I'd forget lines, I'd forget names. I had done television previously, but not too much, and the fact that there was a lot of money involved in the production intimidated me to an extent. I was nervous and it showed. The irony of it all is that they're making videos out of those very shows where I didn't even know what I was talking about!

So you felt your neck was on the line, so to speak?

I was afraid I'd get canned, that I'd get kicked out of the unions. In a sense, Barnabas and I went through hell

together. Imagine yourself coming out of a coffin a hundred and thirty-five years from now. You're in a kind of predicament, and you're a little nervous about how you're going to pull this one off. And, of course, that's what I did for four years. I played a vampire—I don't know what that is really—I played the lie. So Barnabas'

I didn't try to make Barnabas a lovable vampire.



In a sense, Barnabas and I went through hell together.

predicament on television and my own kind of meshed—one sort of helped the other. I mean, I was just a scared, dumb actor. If I had had to play some cock-of-the-walk, debonair Clark Gable, I would have been canned in two days.

"Dark Shadows" itself was almost canned before Barnabas Collins was introduced ten months after its debut. How did your character save the show?

True, the show wasn't working until

they brought this creep on. I wouldn't know why, because I don't watch soap operas—the silly things are so full of shit.

Certainly, there was something about the character that audiences responded to.

With Barnabas, I played against the obvious as much as I could. It was difficult under this problem I had with nerves. I didn't try to make Barnabas a lovable vampire, but I tried to play common sense, I tried to humanize him.

Barnabas was a hit with young female viewers. How did it feel to be featured on the cover of Tiger Beat?

I had no intention to do that. I was just playing a man with common sense. Of course, mind you, he was pining for his lost love, and I was certainly going through unrequited love at the same time. But I think the fact that Barnabas was always a threat, if you took all the show's shenanigans seriously, was one of his appeals. He was in love and wanted to be cured. He was like a drunk—belligerent and unpredictable.

The quality of the show was unpredictable, too. You could sometimes see the microphone dangling and the wires holding the bats. I remember one scene where you had this pesky fly buzzing around your head...

Oh, yes. [Laughs] I just tried to pretend it wasn't there. I guess I gave it a couple of swats, but all I can remember about that is thinking, "Keep going...keep going...don't let it make you lose your concentration." It was a little awkward, but it didn't bother me. In fact, I rather enjoyed the challenge of it.

Did you find it tough going after "Dark Shadows"?

Yes. I went with an agency that promised to rebuild my career. And they didn't do a damn thing. I just sat and waited and waited. I eventually took up Spanish so I wouldn't have to wait by the phone all day. But I think the reason was that I wasn't accommodating enough. I didn't want to be used as some sort of a commodity. I wanted to get away

I thought it was perfectly dreadful. But I'm knocking myself more than the show.

from "Dark Shadows", and they wanted to exploit it. So I didn't do an awful lot. But now I'm in control of my own destiny.

Your one-man show incorporates readings from Edgar Allan Poe and Stephen King. Do you enjoy horror stories?

I'm not a great fan, no. There's enough horror in our everyday life without having to conjure up these strange images. Subtlety is what I don't find in today's horror stuff—it's all so obvious. It gets more and more violent. It's so boring. But I know

what side my bread is buttered on, and I still appear at "Dark Shadows" festivals because it stirs interest

in my current work.

How much longer will you continue with the Reader's Theatre Tour?

Subtlety is what I don't find in today's horror stuff—it's all so obvious.

Till I drop dead, I guess. The pace right now isn't all that good. I mean, I should be working more—I'm aiming to make more money. I'd love to get another Broadway show. But I'm as happy as a lark doing this. I get to play all the parts.

Do you hope the new "Dark Shadows" flops?

No, because I'm still basking in reflected glory. I'm calling myself the Johnny Weismuller of "Dark Shadows" instead of a retired sage who's passed the curse on to Ben Cross. If it lays an egg, then I'm pretty well washed up too as far as any reputation is concerned. *



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SGT. KABUKIMAN N.Y.P.D.

By Dave Williams

While some magazines hide the fact that they do articles that they wouldn't normally do without some kind of prodding, we here at FTVG would never hide our true intentions. I think the outcome of this philosophy is as obvious as the reason why this article was written.

Despite the fact that a preview copy of the upcoming Troma release SGT. Kabukiman N.Y.P.D. was not made available to us, we can tell from the press kit that this film seems to mark yet another high-point in their 16-year endeavor to bring real filmmaking to the silver screen. Company founders Lloyd Kaufman and Michael Herz, described by *The Wall Street Journal* as "movie moguls," should be proud of their accomplishment as this cinematic exercise in Tromatic excess not only breaks new ground in East-West relations (by providing startling insight on the unusual art of traditional Japanese kabuki theatre) but in the real world of



gritty

New York City police work. This achievement obviously puts the Troma Team on the cutting edge of multinational cross-culturalism, a reaffirming gesture in these times of strained U.S.-Japanese relations.

Just listen to this description from the press kit:

Meet Sergeant Harry Griswold, a tough, streetwise New York City Police Officer. He's a meat and potatoes kind of guy—a little sloppy and a little crass, but he's a hard working and dedicated cop. One day Harry is assigned to investigate the grisly murder of a famous Japanese kabuki actor and through a strange twist of fate, Harry Griswold is given the

magical powers of a legendary Japanese hero. Harry Griswold becomes SGT. KABUKIMAN N.Y.P.D.!

The publicity still reproduced here makes it clear that the Troma Team has not forgotten their staple themes: action, guns and babes. The kit even included a picture of a car flipping over in mid-air!

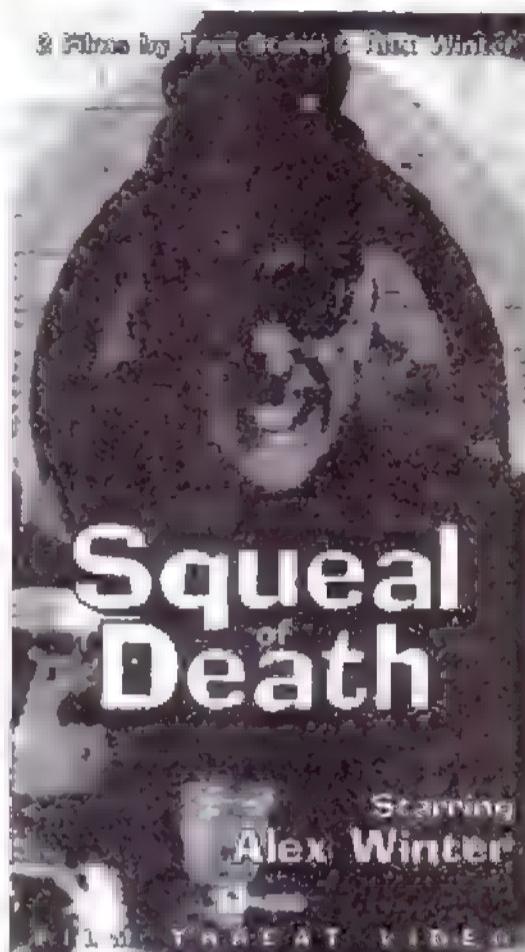
While other Troma characters, such as The Toxic Avenger (affectionately nicknamed "Toxie") and Tromie, the rubber giant mutant squirrel from the upcoming *Class of Nuke 'Em High II*, have gained (or will gain) the popularity of such comic book icons as Superman and Zippy the Pinhead—careful study of the intricate costume and amazing facial expressions of Sgt. Kabukiman, in the B&W still reproduced here, plus the dynamic character outline I previously mentioned, lead to the inevitable conclusion that he will achieve that kind of stature tenfold.

Sgt. Kabukiman will go into some kind of release later this Spring. •

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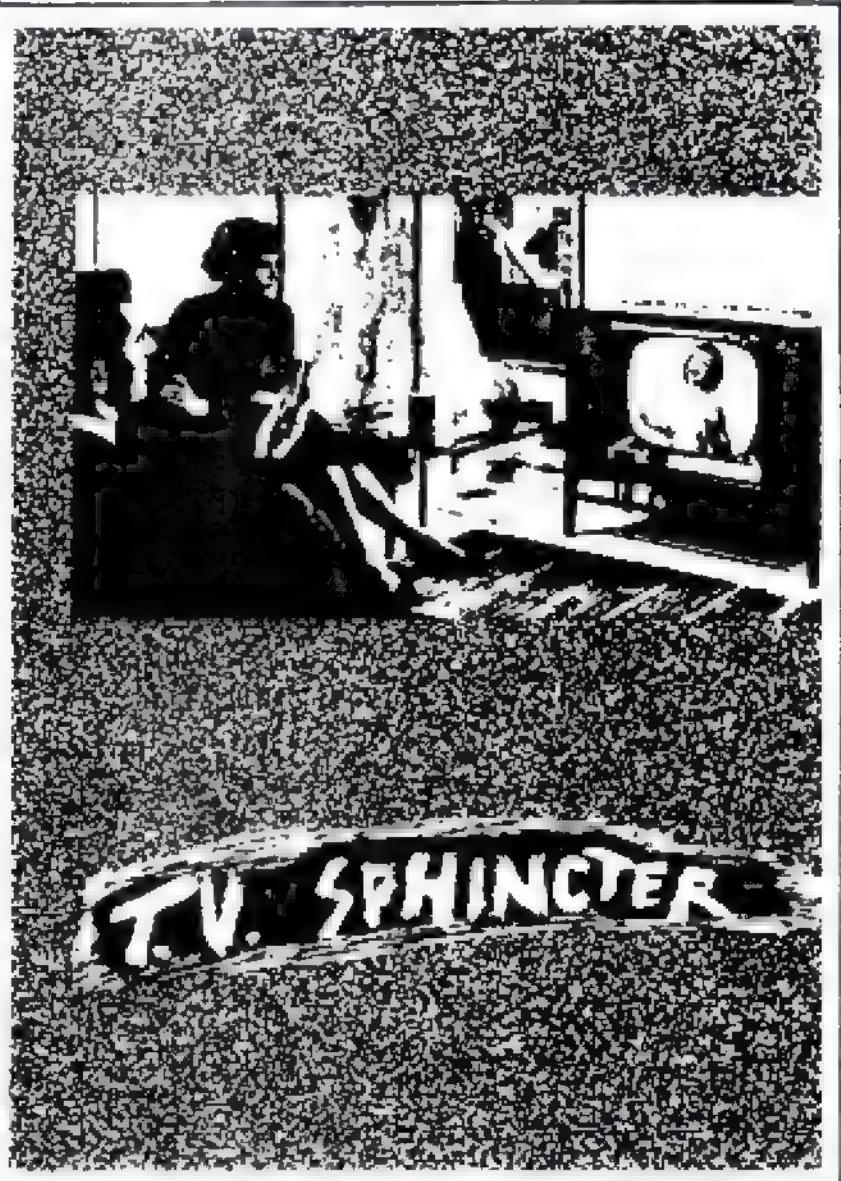
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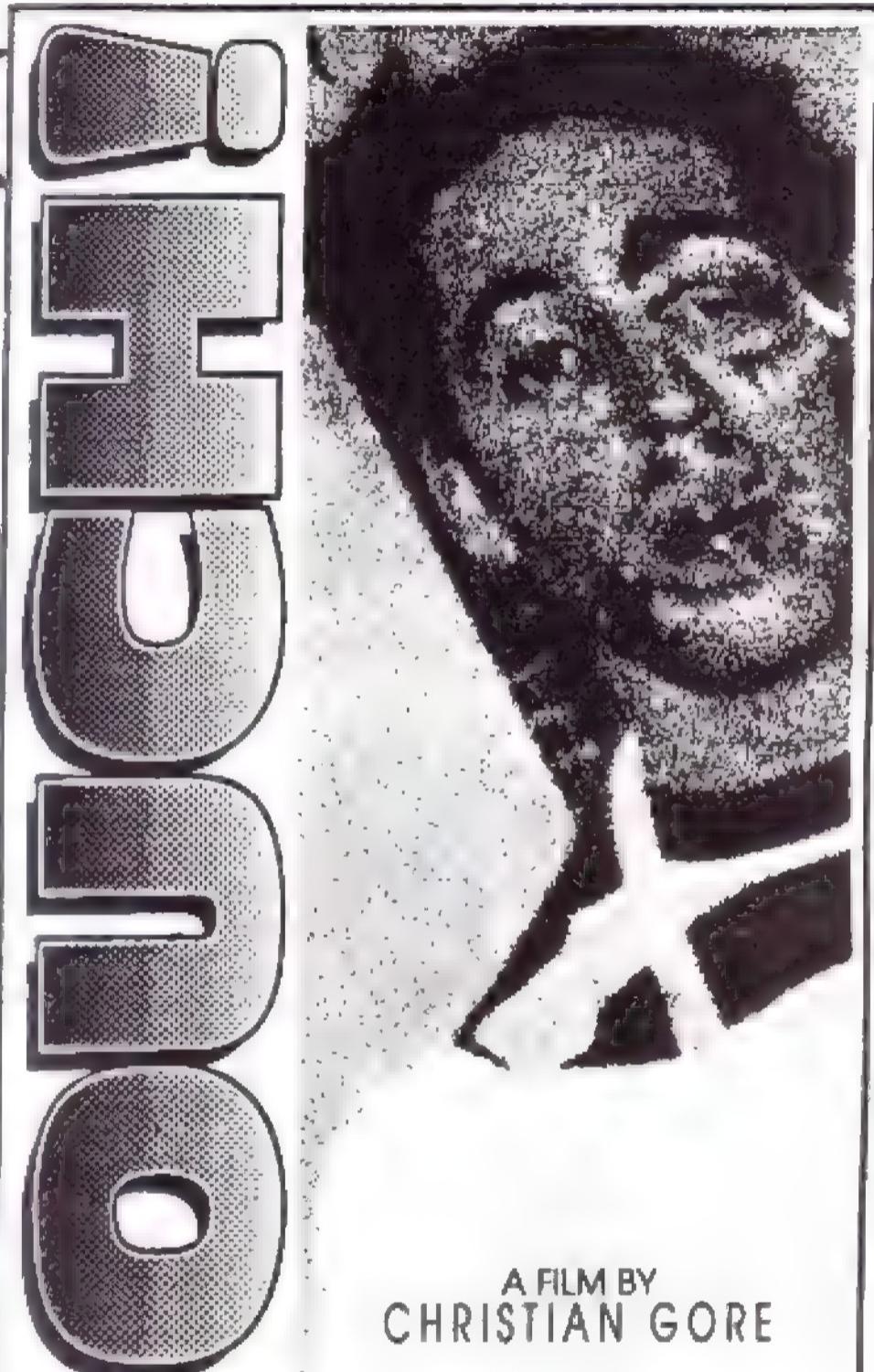
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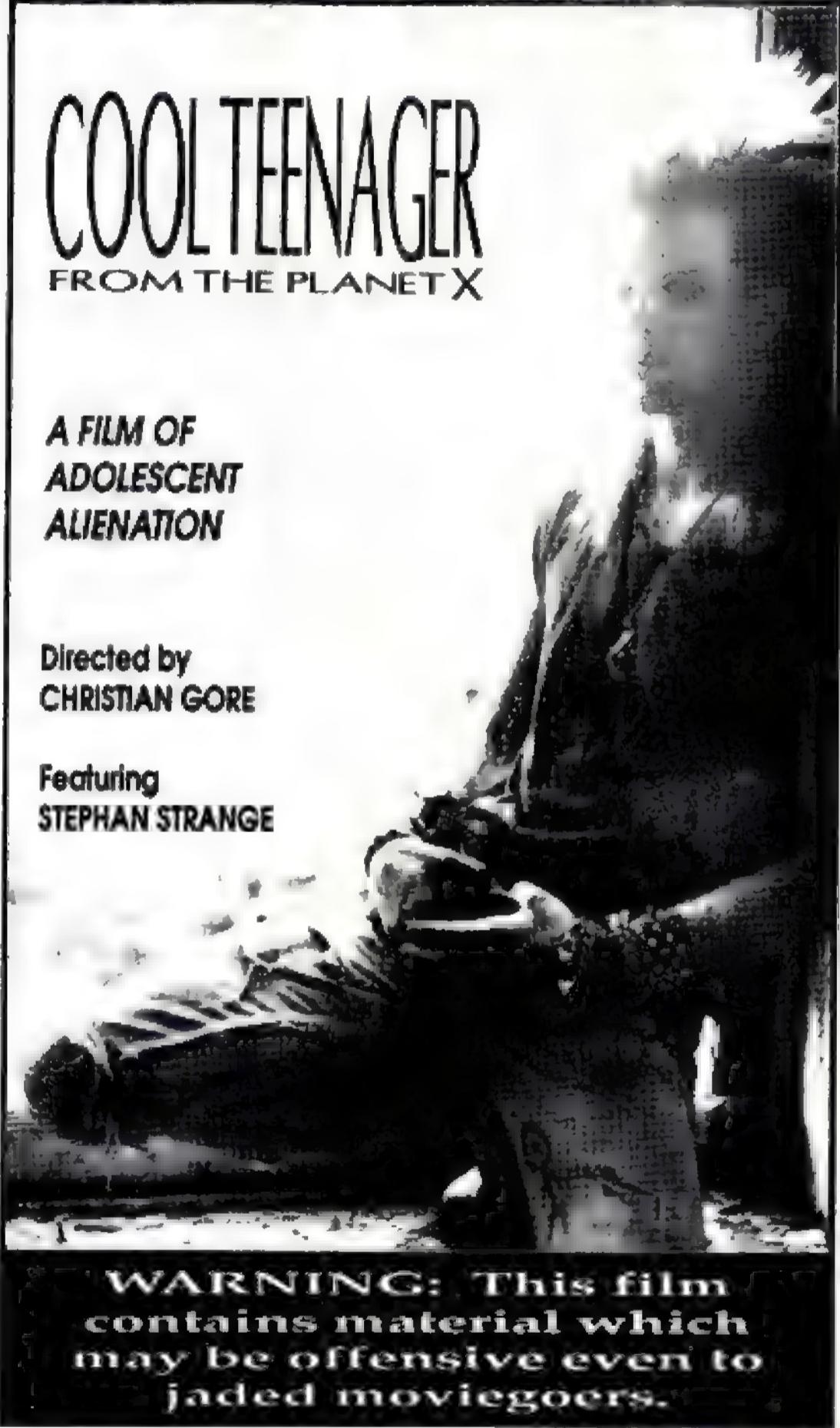
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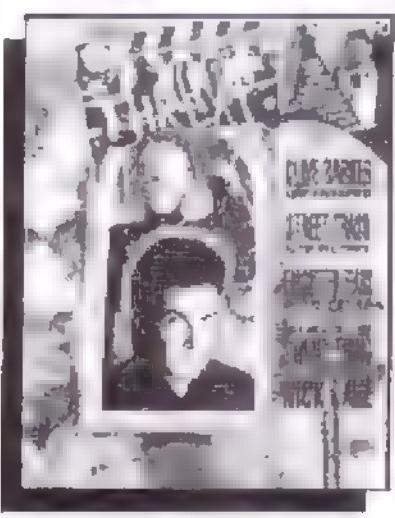
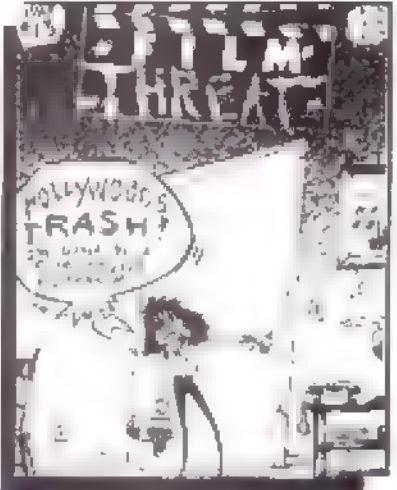
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